

March, 1975
\$2.50

\$1.00

NOSTALGIA ILLUSTRATED

The Pleasures of the Past

Judy Garland
On The Yellow Brick Road



Hopalong Cassidy



Pop Art



Clara Bow



Mickey Mouse

PLUS:
Pat Smith's Shorts
Lydia Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound
Tarzan: King of the Jungle
The Canaries of the 40s
A Baseball Quiz & More

HERE'S WHAT YOU MISSED!



But if you act now, fill out the coupon below
and mail it along with your check or money order to the
address indicated...

HERE'S WHAT YOU WON'T MISS!

Mae West: incredible Star, The Great Detectives,
The Continued Saga of Nancy Drew, Bobby Thompson's
Home Run, Glamor Queens of the 50s, The Mickey Jelke Trial, Ava Gardner,
Joe DiMaggio, The Robber Barons, Your Hit Parade and Much More.

NOSTALGIA ILLUSTRATED
Magazine Management
575 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Please enroll me as a charter member in The
Pleasures Of The Past Club and send me 12 issues
of NOSTALGIA ILLUSTRATED for only \$10.00.

Send to:

Name

Street

State

City

Zip

I enclose check ☐ money order ☐





A Kitchen Aide?

Ah, for the days when men were men, and a woman's place was in the home. But those days are gone forever, says the New Milford, Conn. school board, scoffing at complaints that its policy of requiring sixth-grade boys to study home economics would lead to "Homosexuality" and "Moral Decay." The complainants in the matter—two Baptist ministers—insisted that "having a young boy cook or sew, wearing aprons, we're pushing a boy into homosexuality. It's contrary to what the home and the Bible have stood for. A woman's place is in the home, that's where God put them—barring unusual circumstances."

But the school board continued to pooch-pooch the objections and explained that the new civil rights



legislation required that classes be integrated. Children in grades seven and eight are free to choose which of the two courses (home economics and industrial arts) they want to take, but in the sixth-grade the students are required to take both one semester of home economics and one of industrial arts. "That way, they can know what they're choosing for the next two years. I think we are right in this and we are going to continue it."

Going Too Far

In a letter to the *Los Angeles Times*, B. V. Barkley of South Laguna, California wondered if the people of America weren't taking their penchant for fads a bit too seriously: "Don't you think by having another Depression that we are carrying this nostalgia craze too far?"

What Ever Happened To...

Kay Kyser left the entertainment field 20 years ago, following successes as a "Swing Era" bandleader and as a star of radio and television versions of the "Kollege of Musical Knowledge." Mr. Kyser is now 68 years old and has quietly entered the service of the Christian Science Church in Boston as the manager of the film and broadcasting department.

The Trolley, Rediscovered

An innovation in mass transit more than 80 years ago, the trolley car has been recently rediscovered in many of the country's cities. In Portland, Oregon, for example, transit officials have taken options on a fleet of 15 trolley cars and are attempting to acquire the rights-of-way for a 13-mile route. Incidentally, that same Portland route was the nation's first interurban trolley system 82 years ago.

Portland is not the only city to cast a hopeful eye at trolleys. Austin, Texas; Dayton, Ohio; and Rochester, New York, are also beginning to talk seriously about laying down some track. Trolleys are still running in Philadelphia, Boston, San Francisco, Newark, Pittsburgh, Shaker Heights (Ohio), and El Paso—cities which are considering a

rejuvenation of their current system. The reason for all this new interest is the effort by cities to provide a cheaper, more efficient mass transit system (cheaper than subways and more efficient than buses). And the well-publicized problems of the newer transit innovations—San Francisco's Bay Area Rapid Transit system, for example, has cities turning back to the past for solutions to transit problems, and the good old reliable trolley car has provided more than 70 years of solid service to this country and Europe.



Another Bite From The Big Apple

New York's Royal Manhattan Hotel, which was once the gathering place for tourists and theatre-goers who flocked to its restaurant to hear the music of the Big Bands, closed its doors for good this month due to losses of approximately \$1 million a year. Situated in the heart of New York's theatre district, the 27-story 1300-room hotel remained a respectable establishment to the very end, despite the recent decline of the surrounding neighborhood. Built in 1928, under the original name of Lincoln Hotel, it was sold 10 years later to Max J. Kramer, who in turn sold the hotel, in 1958 to William Zeckendorf Sr. who changed the establishment's name to the Manhattan. In 1969, it was sold again to Grand Metropolitan, Inc., a British concern that added "Royal" to the hotel's name to give it a more English flavor. But changes of ownership and names didn't help save the foundering hotel; but, as Welton Varner, who worked there since the early 30s said, "With things so bad now, who has the money to buy a hotel? And who has the money to go out for a night on the town? I guess those times are gone for good."



Publisher:
Stan Lee

Editor:
Alan LeMond

Art Director:
Marcia Closter

Associate Editor:
Jean Cuck

West Coast Editor:
Penny Nicolai
624 S. LaBrea Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90036

Art Assistants:
Mark Wethli, Nora MacLain
Barbara Altman

**Vice President,
Administration-Production:**
Sol Brodsky

Assistant Production Manager:
Lenny Crow

Director of Circulation:
Tom Montemmarano

Vice President, Operations:
Ivan Snyder

Advertising Representative:
Lexington House, Ltd.
Richard Lasky, Sales Manager
548 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: Front Cover—Judy Seifried (MGM), Napoleon Cassady and Clara Bow (Movie Star News), a detail from Andy Warhol's "200 Cans of Campbell's Soup" 1962 (collection of Mr. & Mrs. John Power), Mickey Mouse (Walt Disney Studios), pp. 8-9—Movie Star News; pp. 10-11—Gene Cologno, Bill Chauncey, pp. 14-16—Movie Star News; pp. 19-21—Woodrow Galtner; pp. 22-26—McGraw-Hill Syndicate, Inc., King Features, United Features; pp. 27-28—Russ Jones; pp. 30-32, Wide World; pp. 34-35—Nigel Watfield; pp. 36-42, Walt Disney Studios; pp. 43-47, "1st" 1964 (collection of Elio Lantini, "Mickey" 1964 (Shirley Holmes Gallery) by Andy Warhol; "Three Way Plug—Scale 8, 1st" 1976 and "Venus Censor" 1964 (Ray Charles Dierberg (Luz Castelli Gallery); "First Landing Army" 1961 (Museum of Modern Art) and "Buck" 1976 (The Woodward Foundation) by Rauschenberg; pp. 48-50, Wide World, MGM Records; pp. 51-52 Montlake Press; pp. 54-71—Movie Star News.

NOSTALGIA ILLUSTRATED is published by Magazine Management Co., Inc., Office of Publication 125 Madison Avenue, New York, New York, 10022. Published monthly. Copyright © 1978 by Magazine Management Co., Inc., 125 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022. All rights reserved. All business inquiries should be addressed to Director of Circulation, Tom Montemmarano, 1st floor, Volume 2, Number 3, March 1978 issue. Price \$1.00 per copy in the U.S. and Canada. Printed in the United States of America.

A Revolting Situation?

The Daughters of the American Revolution think that it is not kosher to choose a British-born woman for one of the most important posts in the American Revolution Bicentennial Administration. Mrs. Marjorie W. Lynch had only been an American citizen for 26 years when she was chosen for the post of deputy administrator (she became a naturalized citizen in 1948) and,

say the Daughters, that is just too close to the British Crown for comfort.



In Memoriam

Hazel Wightman who won 45 national tennis titles in 45 years (See Nostalgia Illustrated, February, 1975) died at her home in Chestnut Hill, Mass. She was 87. She had continued to play tennis when she was in her mid-70s, and took part in a tennis match with Florence Blanchard in 1961. As a girl of 16, she would go to a tennis court at dawn because it was closed to women after 8 A.M. Ms. Wightman was enshrined in the Tennis Hall of Fame in 1966 and was named winner of the Marlboro Award for her contribution to tennis. Born in Wightman, Calif. in 1886, Ms. Wightman also captured other titles besides her many tennis titles—the US national singles championship in squash in 1927, a Massachusetts Ping-Pong championship, and once almost won in the finals of the national mixed doubles in badminton.

Richard Whitney, a one-time president of the New York Stock Exchange, was credited with halting the Wall Street Panic of 1929. He later was sent to prison for embezzlement. Whitney was the son of a Boston bank president and seemed to be one on whom Providence smiled, with money, success and popularity to his credit. On Black Thursday, at the height of the Wall Street panic, Whitney placed the most famous order in Wall Street history, "I bid 205 for 10,000 Steel," he said. Since United Steel stock was being offered at less than 200 a share, his bid had the effect of convincing panicky brokers and big investors that bankers still had confidence in the market. He went to other blue chip trading posts and offered similar bids. The market rallied and the next day he was proclaimed a hero. But Whitney was a bad manager of his own financial affairs and in 1938 he was exposed as an embezzler. He served three years and four months of a 5 to 10 year sentence and was paroled to a waiting family who stuck by him completely. His wife and brother eventually paid off every one of the hundreds of thousands he borrowed or stole. Mr. Whitney was 86.

Harry Hershfield, cartoonist, vaudevillian, columnist and wit, whose multi-faceted career spanned over 70 years, died in New York after a long illness. He was 89 years old. One of 11 children of Russian Jewish immigrants, Hershfield started working for the Chicago Daily News in 1899 as a staff artist and cartoonist where he was responsible for creating characters such as Abie Kabibble and Desperate Desmond. He appeared in vaudeville with Eddie Cantor and George Jessel, wrote a newspaper column for over 30 years, and was a regular guest on the radio and television program, "Can You Top This?" For the past 25 years, however, Hershfield was best known as a toastmaster at banquets, where his wit as an after-dinner speaker was greatly appreciated. His best known quips took in an entire range of subjects from psychiatry ("A cure guaranteed or your mania back") to native New Yorkers ("New York is a city where everyone mutinies but no one deserts.") He even had a one-liner for his own death. He quipped that his epitaph should read as follows: "Here lies the body of Harry Hershfield. If not, notify Cinsburg & Co., undertakers, at once."

NOSTALGIA ILLUSTRATED

The Pleasures of the Past



Page 6



Page 14



Page 22



Page 32



Page 34



Page 36

Nostalgia News 3
Updating the past

The Canaries Jo Valente 6
Looking back on the songbirds of the 40s

Marbles Fred Sturmer with 11
Memories of marble games Adolph Seltzer

The Story Of Hoppy Ron Fry 14
A Western-style Robin Hood

Pages From The Life Of Joan Crawford 19
Not so long ago, Joan Crawford was merely a dancing girl

The Sporting Life Of Cartoons Ron Goulart 22
Champions of the funny papers

Uh, Oh, Here Comes Pete Smith Russ Jones 27
When Pete Smith Specialties were witty observers of the American scene

Baseball Quiz Michael Valenti 32
Around the diamond with yesterday's great and near-great heroes

Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Marge Waterfield 34
More than a patent medicine

A Very Special Mouse Penny Nicolai 38
Did you know Disneyland was started by a mouse?

Pap Art Jean Cuck 43
When art was a soup can and a hamburger

Hank Williams Michael Carmack 48
The country blues singer

The Heap Of The Autos Robert Crumb 51
Artist/writer Crumb revisits the autos of the 50s

The Sultry Sirens Bette Martin 54
Their sex appeal and smoldering looks made them box office hits

Johnny Weissmuller: King Of The Jungle Ron Haydock 59
The most famous Tarzan of them all

Judy Garland: One For The Seesaw Walter H. Hogan 64
Over the rainbow with an extraordinary talent



Page 43



Page 45



Page 51



Page 54



Page 59



Page 64



THE CANARIES

By Jo Valente

As always, changing music styles reflected changing times; in the 30s, the big bands with their swinging canaries kept up America's morale.

The birth of the canaries, those liftin' lasses who captivated our hearts with their hot voices and cool looks, would never have been possible without the parentage of the big bands. But neither can it be denied that these vocalists did much to attract attention to the bands they worked with. These women often were responsible for putting across the style and sound of the orchestra for which they fronted. Many of them, though, were pop-singers who earned a quasi-jazz reputation through their association with a band that played jazz. But the talent of Mildred Bailey, Billie Holiday, and Ella Fitzgerald, unmistakably the best of the canaries, demands that they be set apart from the others. They were not just hip. If that had been the case, then their identities as performers would be merged with the image of the bands they represented. It's not fair to remember these ladies or the others without looking back on swing itself and why it was born. In fact, it's not possible to describe them or their place in music without trying to recall its beginning.

During the period of 1935-1946, in what became known as the "Swing Era," the greatest mass

conversion in the history of jazz took place. Because of the earlier limitations imposed on black artists, it was perhaps natural that the first major breakthrough in the acceptance of jazz should be made by a white band. In 1934, Benny Goodman and his orchestra got a big break. An advertising agency sold the National Biscuit Company an idea for a "Let's Dance Program" that would help launch its new Ritz cracker. Goodman assembled a radio band the like of which had never been heard. Within a few months he took his band on the road to cash in on the national prominence the broadcasts brought him. The Fletcher Henderson arrangement of "Sometimes I'm Happy," "King Porter Stomp" and the conventional vocals sung by Helen Ward, the first of the pop jazz singers, earned him his famous style identification. They got a smooth ensemble sound without losing contact with jazz. Strangely enough, they were not an immediate success. In fact, they bombed. It wasn't until they got to the Palomar Ballroom in California that they became an overnight sensation. The immediate reason for their success, according to Goodman, was, "it was a dancing audience—that's why they went for it." The 1932 Duke Ellington recording of his "It Don't Mean A Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing" had in the meantime issued a manifesto. As the word "swing"

gained increasing popularity it became a new name for jazz.

As always, changing music styles reflected changing times. The stock market crash ended the recklessness and flamboyance of the 20s. The repeal of prohibition in 1933 liberated jazz from the speakeasies and put it into the ballrooms and nightclubs. Although the nation was struggling with the depression, there was less money to spend, and pre-war jitters were setting in, the people kept up their morale with music and dancing. Swing music gained popularity by catering to the whims of the kids. They were still dancing the Lindy and the music was just right for it. In a matter of months the jitter-bugs and bobby-soxers were doing the Big Apple and the Shag while the bands swung on.

And who sang the songs while America listened? Well there were Patty, Maxine and LaVerne (the Andrews Sisters), who recorded "Apple Blossom Time," "Bei Mir Bist Du Schon" and "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy," among many other hits of the day. It was pretty and pert Helen O'Connell who contributed greatly to Jimmy Dorsey's record success in the early 40s. She had been appearing at a club called the Village Barn when Dorsey discovered her, signed her, and started her on her way to Swing Era fame. Her husky renditions of songs like "Green Eyes," "Amapola," and "Tangerine" led

Who sang while America listened?

Patty, Maxine & LaVerne of the Andrews Sisters (bottom): Helen O'Connell & Lady Day (top, left).



Above is Martha Tilton who made "And The Angels Sing" such a hit in 1939. Opposite page, clockwise from top are the Andrews Sisters in one of their wartime production numbers; Mildred Bailey ("Of Rockin' Chair's Got Me") was the star of her own CBS show in 1944, and Helen Ward, the torrid torch singer.

her to be selected by the trade papers as their top canary for three straight years. Benny Goodman cut a lot of wax with Helen Ward, Helen Forrest and Lilitin' Martha Tilton, who made "And the Angels Sing" such a hit in '39. Also featured for a while with Glen Miller's band was Marion Hutton (her sister Betty was a singer then, too), a beautiful blonde whose presence did much to enhance the band's reception. Connie Boswell was still held in high esteem even after the Boswell Sisters trio disbanded. The other superb girl singers were: "Wee Bonnie Baker," the "Oh Johnny girl"; Jo Stafford; the Four King Sisters (long before they started working on the King Family); Connie Haines; Francis Langford; Alice Faye; Kay Starr and a young girl new to the business—Peggy Lee. And there was Anita O'Day, who made hit records with Gene Krupa like "Let Me Off Uptown," and as the case with so many others, went on to a successful career as a single.

The first of the important canaries of swing, though, was Mildred Bailey, the "Rockin' Chair Lady." She was a small, dark, overstuffed ball of a woman or "a little, short, fat, squatty momma" as she often described herself. Partly of American Indian origin, she was inspired by Bessie Smith, Ethel Waters and other early blues singers and was the first non-black girl singer accepted by the jazz world. It was she who formed an essential bridge between the blues and the world of pop music. In 1927 she joined Paul Whiteman's band and became the first of the girl band vocalists. She had her own CBS radio show in the mid-40s and for a time jointly led an orchestra with her husband, Red Norvo. They were known as Mr. & Mrs. Swing. Her recordings are available on Columbia's *Mildred Bailey: Her Greatest Performances*. It was her unique rather high-pitched tone and sense of jazz phrasing, especially in blues and ballads, that have earned her a lasting place in jazz history.

Though Billie Holiday became popular during the swing era she





Top, Helen O'Connell. Bottom, the fantastic Ella Fitzgerald.

remains the jazz world's greatest singer. Born in the slums of Baltimore, the child of an unwed teen-age mother, Billie was a prostitute by her 14th year. She was an alcoholic, jail bird, and victim of police harassment and exploitation right down to the final week of her life when she was busted for heroin

on her hospital bed. Her life was tragic, but she maintained an artistic distance while she sang. Though her bag was torch songs, her singing was never despondent. She sang not just songs, but experiences about which she had an intimate knowledge. Almost unknown when she joined Artie

Shaw's Orchestra in 1939, she was quickly recognized as having a voice that conveyed indisputably the essence of jazz. She wrote the words for "Fine and Mellow," "God Bless the Child" and "Don't Explain" and earned the respect of fellow musicians who affectionately called her "Lady Day." Recently, her life was the subject of a film, "Lady Sings The Blues." In this movie, Diana Ross captured the more mannered aspects of the artist, but beyond that, the script had little to do with Billie's life.

Discovered in an amateur show at age 17, Ella Fitzgerald joined Chick Webb's band and dazzled fans with her rendition of the novelty song, "A Tisket A Tasket." Over the years she's built up a tremendous reputation among jazz musicians and other singers for her bell-like clarity of tone, flexibility of range and rhythmic brilliance of style. She uses these effectively both on ballads and rhythm tunes, and is at her best when scat singing. Band men who play with her have been heard to say that they tune up to her voice—a compliment afforded no other performer. Ms. Fitzgerald is still singing and her appearances are always anxiously awaited. She is publicized as the "First Lady of Song" and it certainly seems that during her many years before the public, she's earned the title.

In the early 50's, Frank Sinatra was reported to have stated in an interview that the over-emphasis on singers contributed to killing the big bands. The musicians had by choice alienated themselves from their fans in order to search for material more stimulating to perform. The vocalists began to take over in popularity and were fan-worshipped as much as any movie star. When they came on to sing, the kids stopped dancing. They listened, instead. The era of the big bands was over, but the singers were popular enough to continue without them. Swing is gone. But if you were young enough and hip enough, if the music put you in the groove, if you cut a rug doin' the Lindy, or went peckin' and truckin' on down, then there is definitely no question that the music of your favorite song stylists, the canaries, still has the power to send you and put you "in the mood."



MARBLES

By Fred Sturmer with Adolph Seltzer

Some games were mostly social and friendly, but there were others not so friendly which were run by entrepreneurs—and that included most of us.

Of all the games I played as a kid, I think my fondest memories are of the marble games I played. Marbles came in all sizes, colors and were made of various elements. There were the *kabolas*, the oversized marbles that resembled the jawbreakers (gum) that we used to chew. These *kabolas* were made of glass and came in a variety of colors all the way up to pure glass. Sometimes you were able to get a *kabola* that was made of steel and we affectionately called them *steelies*. Next in line was a marble called the *jumbo* which was a little smaller in size than a *steelie* but was made only of glass. Next in size and in worth was the regular marble that, as today,



is in a variety of two or three colors. In the same size category but of a higher intrinsic value was the *porce*, a marble of one clear color, so that when you held it up to the sun you could see through it.

Last, there was the *milky*, which, as the name describes, was pure white, the size of a normal

marble. Down the ladder there were the marbles that came in various smaller sizes in all assorted colors. These were commonly called *peewees* or *mibbies*. The smallest, the size of a ballbearing, (in fact most of them were ballbearings) were also affectionately called *steelies*.

The simplest marble game was played in the street against the curb. The first person threw his marble underhanded along the street against the curb followed by the next player, and so on down until everyone threw his marble. The idea of the game was to either hit your opponent's marble or span it and in that way you were able to take and keep his marble. (By



spanning you have to be able to touch your marble with your thumb keeping your palm flat on the ground touching your opponent's marble with your small pinkie. Needless to say the larger your hand, the better off you were.)

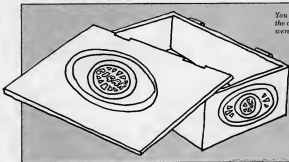
Another game was played on a patch of dirt between the sidewalk and the street. A circle about 12 to 15 inches in circumference was drawn and in it each kid placed

knocked out of the circle you could start over again, putting new marbles in and so on down the line. This is a game where a kabola really came in handy since it could usually bowl its way through a crowded circle of marbles and knock many out of the circle.

Another version of the game would use the same circle and in the middle of the circle an indentation the size of a marble. The first person to shoot his marble into the

arch just a little bigger than the one before. Above each of these holes place the number 1, 2, 3, 4, with the #1 over the largest hole, #4 over the smallest. These numbers mean that if the shooter's marble goes into #4, he gets 4 marbles in return plus his marble back. If he goes into #1, he gets one marble plus his own, and so on.

A different version of this game, but one that would give the shooter greater odds, was the making of a



You had to cut off the cover of the cigar box and basically you were in business. You took the cigar box down to the curb, but instead of placing it against the curb, you placed the box about a foot from the curb, then placed the cover so that you formed a ramp from the front of the box up into it. It was very important that the box be placed at least half-way under the cover (see illustration).

five or six marbles. Then each in turn would shoot his marble by placing it between his thumb and forefinger and propelling the marble with a forward motion of his thumb. The idea was to use one marble, referred to as the shooter, to knock as many marbles out of the circle and thereby keep those that you hit out for yourself, providing that the shooter itself did not get stuck in the circle. In that case it had to stay in, and you had to wait your turn to shoot again, with a new shooter.

When the last marble was

hole would take a predetermined number of marbles from each player.

Those were social games, friendly. But there were other games not so friendly run by the entrepreneurs, and each of us were entrepreneurs in our own ways.

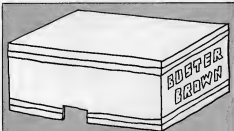
The most famous was the marble box. You take an ordinary cardboard shoebox and with a pencil make four square arches equally distant along the side of the box. The smallest hole should be just big enough to let a regular-size marble pass through, and each successive

single opening for the marble in the long side of the shoebox. When the box was placed against the curb it looked like a miniature tunnel since there was only one opening and the distance was 10 feet away. You, as the proprietor, usually gave odds at least 8 to 1, depending on how many marble boxes were in the street for the day.

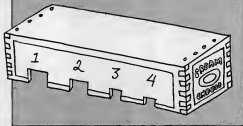
Still another version of the marble box was made from a cigar box. You cut off the cover of the cigar box but instead of placing it against the curb, you placed the box about a foot from the curb



Very little would stop a marble game from continuing, except a voice that said, "Dinner is ready," or "Your father is on his way home."



Two different versions of the same game: at top is the marble game played with a single opening. The point was to roll your marble into the opening and by doing so winning some marbles from the proprietor. The number depended on the odds given. At bottom is the box with numbered holes. You would win as many marbles as the number written above the hole you entered. Of course, you lost your marble if you failed to enter any hole at all.



then placed the cover so that you formed a ramp from the front of the box up into it. It was very important that the box be placed at least half way under the cover so that a marble rolling up the ramp would not go in that easily. Here, as in the other marble box games, the shooter stood about 10 feet away from the marble box.

Finally, there was the entrepreneur who went into business on a shoestring; all he had was marbles, no marble box. Here he would make use of the sewer in the middle of the street. He would draw a line approximately 8 to 10 feet away from the sewer and the idea was to roll your marble toward the sewer. If it managed to get through the maze of ironwork normally found on a sewer, and found its way to the middle hole, you would get 10 or 15 marbles in return.

Another game that didn't require any marble box was played as follows: A single marble was placed in the street near the curb but not touching the curb. The customers stood 10 feet away from the curb and tried to hit your single marble. If you hit it you got the number of marbles that the proprietor advertised. Sometimes the person running the game used a peewee, thereby making it extremely hard to hit, but the shooter, being just as smart, could use a kabola and exchange it after every shot.

From *What Did You Do When You Were A Kid?* © Fred Storrer. Reprinted by permission of St. Martin's Press.





THE STORY OF HOPPY

By Ron Fry

Hopalong was a Western-style Robin Hood, the original lonely good guy who rode the range, finding injustice and correcting it.

Back in the days when video addicts were content with the athletic, straight-shooting, clean living variety of Western hero—one unquestionably on the side of morality and justice, who shaved regularly, always wore clean shirts and had few (if any) internal philosophical conflicts to muddy up the action—William (Bill) Boyd was the unrivaled master of the frontier. As “Hopalong Cassidy,” he was idolized for decades by most Americans under 12 (and not a few oldsters), a fact all-too-achingly familiar to parents everywhere. Thanks to the serviceability of celluloid, his films—which still occasionally pop up as television reruns—earned him millions in subsidiary rights and made “Hoppy” the longest sustained characterization in film history.

Boyd's humble beginnings were no harbinger of his later screen success. Born on June 5, 1898, in Cambridge, Ohio, he was one of five children of William Boyd, a laborer, and his wife, Lida. Before he reached the age of seven, the family had moved to Tulsa, Oklahoma. He managed to stay in school until he was 13, when he left to help support his family; his father was killed while attempting to rescue fellow workers who had been trapped by an explosion on a construction job. He held the requisite number of odd jobs—tool dresser, surveyor, automobile salesman—before setting out, at the age

of 20, for the land of milk and honey—California.

His funds, unfortunately, ran out in Globe, Arizona, where he was forced to saw wood in a lumber camp. This money got him as far as Orange, still some 30 miles from Hollywood. With little else on

the horizon, he decided to try Tinseltown, and worked as an orange packer and oil driller to afford a suitable wardrobe for his entrance into the city of lights.

Boyd's rugged physique, photogenic features and prematurely gray hair won him an instant place



In 1919, the young, prematurely gray Boyd found an instant place in Hollywood and a seven-year contract at the tidy sum of \$25 per week.

in Hollywood as an extra in *Why Change Your Wife* (1919), whose one claim to fame was its director, Cecil B. DeMille. DeMille was attracted to the fledgling actor and Boyd soon found himself under a seven-year contract with Famous Players-Lasky at the munificent sum of \$25 a week. He tried his luck in Twentieth Century-Fox westerns in 1922 (as a villain), but a broken ankle ended his stay—and his contract.

lapse. Then he drifted into lesser roles for a number of studios—RKO, Chesterfield and Bert Lubin the most well known of them.

The sun was rapidly sinking on former star Bill Boyd. Then he discovered Hopalong. Producer Harry Sherman had bought the rights in 1934 to six of Clarence E. Mulford's books about the righteous cowpuncher, Hopalong Cassidy. Boyd, who had been playing heavies, was chosen for the villain role in the

Hood, was easily identifiable—five feet eleven, 180 pounds, blue eyes and white hair (which matched his horse Topper and contrasted with his trademarked all-black outfit with the steer-head kerchief clip). He was the original lonely good guy who rode the range, finding injustice everywhere and correcting it with his straight-shooting six irons and his indomitable strength of will, a bastion of moral parity and sentimental hokum. Hoppy



A scene from the Paramount Pictures *Three Men From Texas* which featured Boyd with Russel Hayden, Andy Clyde, and Esther Estrella.

But DeMille had another break up his sleeve—the lead in *The Volga Boatman*, a 1925 release, which finally brought the 28 year-old actor some good notices. *King of Kings* (1927), *Two Arabian Nights* (1928) and *Beyond Victory* followed. By 1932, Boyd was earning \$2,500 a week under contract with Pathe Studios; his good speaking voice let him make the transition from silents to "talkies" with little strain. He appeared in *Skyscraper*, *The Leatherneck*, *Officer O'Brien* and *The Painted Desert*, among others, before his contract was allowed to

first two productions.

With a lot of confidence and a little Western chutzpah, Boyd managed to snag the role of Hopalong for the next six pictures... at a blanket salary of \$30,000.

Hopalong's creator, Mulford, was a Brooklyn license clerk who had never been west of Chicago until he had written 28 books around the cowboy character. Sherman, after exhausting the Mulford stories, bought the motion picture rights to the character and employed a staff of film writers to create new stories.

Hopalong, a Western-style Robin

was above love, of course, given his unspoken "mission" of correcting all the wrongs of the West; no woman ever touched him (which led one writer in the late '30s to question his relationship with Topper). There were no sad endings—unless you didn't like to see hundreds of bad men overpowered by Hoppy's moral might; he always won, of course, because he was Good and Unpolled.

By 1938 Boyd was an acknowledged superstar—with a superstar's salary, \$100,000 a year, to match. But managerial disputes began (according to a *Saturday Evening*

Eventually televised throughout the country, the *Hopalong Cassidy* series won Boyd a whole new legion of fans and made him a millionaire.

Post article) when Boyd, looking to improve the quality of his pictures, returned \$40,000 of his salary to Sherman for the employment of better writers and other production talent. But then Boyd walked out in 1943, surprisingly charging that

1946.

Each production was budgeted at a paltry \$10,000 and was shot in an incredible 90 hours. And yet, said a *Variety* columnist at the time, these limitations "in no way reflect on the first-rate photog-

raphy, excellent locations, and unusually good musical back-grounds." *The Devil's Playground*, first of the new productions, was pronounced by the theatrical weekly to "have an edge on the average western." *Box* 20 (1943),



Hoppy wore a trademarked steer-head kerchief clip.

Sherman had hired "more geni-uses" than necessary. Paramount, who had been happily distributing the Hopalong films and raking in enormous profits, refused to accept a substitute for the man who had made the role famous. After 18 months of negotiations, Sherman finally agreed to lease (on a sub-royalty basis of \$25,000 per year) Boyd motion picture rights to the character for ten years. The actor turned producer (with Benedict Bogeaus and Lewis Ruchmil) formed Hopalong Cassidy Productions and began releasing his own films through United Artists in



Paramount's
Santa Fe Marshal
(1939)



*Hoppy poses
with the vivacious
Betty Hutton.*

Texas Masquerade (1944) and *Riders of the Deadline* (1944) are considered classics from the Sherman period (out of a total of 54 films made before the split), while *Fool's Gold*, *Unexpected Guest*, *Lost Canyon* and *Stick to Your Guns* are considered outstanding among the Hopalong releases of the new producers.

Boyd made six films a year, but managed to fit the shooting into a

four-month schedule, leaving him free from acting and production work for two thirds of the year. In 1948, Boyd, in addition to his ten-year motion picture lease on the character, purchased all other rights from Mulford. Through this transaction, as the Post reported, the actor "compounded what appears to be a magic formula for extracting a maximum of profit from a minimum of outlay."



In Riders Of The Timberline (1941), Boyd wore a less conspicuous hat than he was later to affect in the role of Hopalong Cassidy.

In 1949, when 54 of the Hopalong films became eligible for television (films had to be seven years old before television rights could be exercised), NBC paid Boyd \$250,000 for the weekly video presentation of a Hopalong script. Eventually televised throughout the country, the Hopalong Cassidy television series won Boyd a whole new legion of fans...and healthily increased attendance at theatres showing revivals of his films.

Hopalong made two debuts in January, 1950—on radio and in a comic strip. The Sunday afternoon broadcast over the Mutual network was heard on over 500 stations at its peak by an audience estimated at 25 million. The comic strip (syndicated by the Los Angeles Mirror) was bought at the outset by 50 newspapers (and later expanded to hundreds more). Hopalong comic books (15,000,000 distributed in 1949), records (50,000 in 1949) and novelty items (manufactured by 35 concerns paying five percent royalty to Boyd for the brand name) kept the character alive for another decade after Boyd's final film appearance. In a 1949-50 personal appearance tour of 26 cities, more than a million fans turned out to cheer their hero. Hopalong Cassidy made Boyd a millionaire many times over, which just proves one of Hoppy's favorite dictums—Good always triumphs over Evil... Because It's Good.

Boyd married his third wife, Grace Bradley of Brooklyn, in 1937 and lived with her on a sprawling California ranch christened "Boyd's Nest." During World War II, they lived in Los Angeles so that he might take part in the Armed Forces Radio Service Shows (he performed in 125) and make transcriptions for the occupation forces (which he continued to do for years).

Boyd came to identify strongly with the character he portrayed. As Sidney Skolsky once related in his column, he would never say, "I am going on tour," but "Hoppy's going on tour."

On a cold day in 1972, 30 years after his last appearance in a movie (an unbilled guest appearance in *The Greatest Show on Earth*), Hoppy started out for his final tour... shooting up the stars.



PAGES FROM THE LIFE OF JOAN CRAWFORD

A nostalgic chronicle of the career of the 21-year-old starlet "known for her lovely brown hair" who became one of the all-time greats of movie history.

She arrived in Hollywood in 1925 at the tender age of 21, for a try at the movies. Her name then was Lucille LeSueur, and remained that for a while even after she was under contract to MGM. The original caption on the back of one of her publicity photographs read: "This is Lucille LeSueur who is known for her lovely brown hair." It wasn't long before *Mosie Weekly* held a now-famous contest introducing the new starlet and asked readers to help give her a new name. "Name! Her And Win \$1,000" read the headline. The description of Lucille was as follows: "She is an auburn-haired, blue-eyed beauty and is of French and Irish descent. Second only to her career is her interest in athletics, and she devotes much of her spare time to swimming and tennis."

"Mr. Rapt selected her as being the ideal young American girl of today."

"And her first starring role will be in 'The Circle,' a screen version of the noted play."

The name the judges picked, of course, was Joan Crawford, which the actress hated so much that for the next three years she called herself Jo-an-ne.

Featured here are pages from early movie magazines which helped boost the career of a remarkable woman and a very fine actress.



Photo: Herbert Lubin

SHE was discovered as Lucille LeSueur dancing in "The Passing Show," and was offered a screen test by Harry Rapf of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A contract followed the test and Joan layed herself in the movies in 1925. Called the "Venus of the Screen," She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 110 and has dark red hair and blue eyes. She was born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23, 1904. On June 2, 1929, she was married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and is considered one of the most popular members of the Victor colony.

JOAN CRAWFORD



JOAN CRAWFORD got her start in pictures because she could dance. And how! But she has made a lot of progress since those days of the Winter Garden chorus and she is now playing prominent rôles in Metro-Goldwyn films. You'll see her next in "The Taxi Dancer."



Picture of a beetle
imaginary insect
which the girl took
the picture. Idea of
insect world is
most common theme
in 1934. The
insect is the
most common
theme of the 1934
year.



The favorite exer-
cise of prize-
fighters and dance-
rs. Joan Craw-
ford jumps rope
for ten minutes a
day. This pic-
ture was taken in
her own back-
yard and proves
why California
real estate prices
are what they are.



Another miracle in this age of in-
vention. Joan Crawford carries a
hand-bag with a wooden handle in
which is concealed a lip-stick and
a vial of perfume.



William H. Davis - "Red" Williams (left) - "Red" Williams (right)

Joan Crawford - "Red" Williams

William - "Red" Williams

Joan from the Black Bottom

William - "Red" Williams

William - "Red" Williams

William - "Red" Williams

William - "Red" Williams

William - "Red" Williams

THE SPORTING LIFE OF CARTOONS

By Ron Goulart

Joe Palooka in 1930 was a most ungodly-looking thing, though Fisher claimed he was years ahead of everybody else in inventing a continuity strip.

One of the least celebrated of spectator sports is the par-taking of entertainments based on athletics. Yet there is a long line of movies, plays, novels and even comic strips built around sports. Leaving the likes of *Pride of the Yankees*, *Golden Boy* and *Semi-Tough* to later chroniclers, we'll concentrate on the newspaper strips, particularly the relatively-serious ones, devoted to the sporting life.

In the first two decades of this century, cartoonists were not thought of as too respectable, which may have been one reason why a lot of them liked to hang around with other semi-outcasts such as actors and professional athletes. One of the first artists to exploit his lowlife connections was Tad Dorgan, whose widely circulated panel *Outdoor Sports* (it alternated with *Indoor Sports*) provided an insider's view of boxing, baseball, etc. *Mutt & Jeff*, of course, was even older and had originally been created to pass out horse racing tips. Once it caught on and was syndicated, Bud Fisher and his various ghosts dropped the tips in favor of reworking vaudeville jokes. In the summer of 1922 Billy DeBeck, another celebrator of American lowlife, was inspired to have his Barney Google fall heir to a racehorse named Spark Plug. This made a rich man of both Google and DeBeck, eventually inspiring Billy Rose and



Ed Fisher, creator of Joe Palooka, seems to have been an unhappy man.

a couple of his pals to write a song. While DeBeck used continuity, building suspense by stretching a race across a week or more, he was always a comedian determined to get a laugh in each strip. Less funny and somewhat closer to being an adventure strip was *You Know Me, Al*, Credited to Ring Lardner and based on his baseball stories about Jack Keefe, the strip was drawn by Tad's clumsy brother Dick Dorgan. Not much of a strip, it managed to hang on for several years in the 20s. But the first really successful straight sports strip was the creation of a pugnacious young man from Wilkes-Barre. He was a mediocre writer and could barely draw, but he had an idea and he believed he

could sell it.

Hammond Edward Fisher had been nurturing the idea for, according to him, almost a decade before it was accepted. The inspiration hit him in either 1920 or 1921, depending on which autobiographical piece you read. "One day, while talking to an unsophisticated but good-natured prizefighter, I was suddenly hit by the idea for *Joe Palooka*. I rushed back to the office, wrote a continuity and made the first drawings of *Palooka*. Joe and I went immediately to New York, offered ourselves to all the syndicates, and were turned down by all of them.

We kept returning to New York, whenever we had the money. But nobody seemed to want *Joe Palooka*. . . I went to New York in 1927 with two dollars and fifty cents over my carfare and landed a job in the advertising department of the *New York Daily News*. . . Then I left the *News* and went to McNaught Syndicate and for the first time had the good fortune to meet Charles V. McAdam, general manager and vice-president, who offered to try out *Joe Palooka* the following year. I insisted upon going out and selling the strip to the newspapers myself. To prove my sales ability, I first took Dixie Dugan, which had been offered to all the newspapers before. Only two papers had bought the strip and the amount of revenue did not even pay for one

FATHERS HISTORY OF BOXING

BOXING WAS THE ONLY SPORT THAT COULD BE PLAYED IN THE CITY. IT WAS THE ONLY SPORT THAT COULD BE PLAYED IN THE CITY. IT WAS THE ONLY SPORT THAT COULD BE PLAYED IN THE CITY.

BOXING WAS THE ONLY SPORT THAT COULD BE PLAYED IN THE CITY. IT WAS THE ONLY SPORT THAT COULD BE PLAYED IN THE CITY. IT WAS THE ONLY SPORT THAT COULD BE PLAYED IN THE CITY.

BOXING WAS THE ONLY SPORT THAT COULD BE PLAYED IN THE CITY. IT WAS THE ONLY SPORT THAT COULD BE PLAYED IN THE CITY. IT WAS THE ONLY SPORT THAT COULD BE PLAYED IN THE CITY.

BOXING WAS THE ONLY SPORT THAT COULD BE PLAYED IN THE CITY. IT WAS THE ONLY SPORT THAT COULD BE PLAYED IN THE CITY. IT WAS THE ONLY SPORT THAT COULD BE PLAYED IN THE CITY.

BOXING WAS THE ONLY SPORT THAT COULD BE PLAYED IN THE CITY. IT WAS THE ONLY SPORT THAT COULD BE PLAYED IN THE CITY. IT WAS THE ONLY SPORT THAT COULD BE PLAYED IN THE CITY.

BOXING WAS THE ONLY SPORT THAT COULD BE PLAYED IN THE CITY. IT WAS THE ONLY SPORT THAT COULD BE PLAYED IN THE CITY. IT WAS THE ONLY SPORT THAT COULD BE PLAYED IN THE CITY.

BOXING WAS THE ONLY SPORT THAT COULD BE PLAYED IN THE CITY. IT WAS THE ONLY SPORT THAT COULD BE PLAYED IN THE CITY. IT WAS THE ONLY SPORT THAT COULD BE PLAYED IN THE CITY.

JOE PALOOKA

© 1950, William Morris, Inc. N.Y.

By HAM FISHER



Several sports strips came into being in the 1930s. Of varying degrees of seriousness, few of them survived the decade.

turns from black to blond. His stupidity begins to recede, though he never ceases saying, "youse." The reason for these improvements in everybody's looks is that Ham Fisher could now afford to hire better ghosts. The list of twenty subscribing papers had grown to several hundred. Ann Howe, Joe's society girl sweetheart, made her first appearance in 1932. The earlier artist, whether Fisher himself or that high school boy, could never have drawn a pretty blonde like her. The following year, Fisher signed on his best known assistant, setting the stage for a bitter feud which would continue throughout his lifetime. Like most oft-told tales there are several versions of how Ham Fisher first met Al Capp. The most sentimental version, most nearly akin to the soft-hearted continuities of the Palooka pages, appeared in *Martin Sheridan's Comics and Their Creators* in 1942: Al returned to art school in Massachusetts and landed in New York in 1933 with six dollars. While walking along the street near Central Park South, a long car of expensive make pulled up beside him.

"I've made a bet with my sister that the roll under your arm consists of cartoons," the driver said.

"You're right," Al smiled.

The man in the car introduced himself as Ham Fisher, the cartoonist of *Joe Palooka*, and offered Al a job as assistant.

Capp already had visions of hillbillies dancing in his head, so it was only natural he'd introduce them

into the *Palooka* saga. While barnstorming through the South, Joe is matched against the Tennessee hill champ Big Leviticus. A year later Capp left his mentor to set up his own hillbilly business with *Li'l Abner*. As late as 1942 he was speaking kindly of Fisher—"I owe most of my success to him, for I learned many tricks of the trade while working alongside of him." There was some cooling and in 1948 Fisher was openly accusing Capp of stealing his ideas. Capp's remembrance of that incident near the park had changed. *Newsweek* reported, "In 1933 Fisher literally picked him off the street. Capp insists Fisher thought he was a syndicate messenger, but the latter claims he recognized Al as a hapless young cartoonist ('I was a literate gentleman, and Mr. Capp a wild-haired boy.')." When Fisher brought Leviticus back into his strip he bluntly announced to his readers, "The first hillbillies ever to appear in a comic strip were Big Leviticus and his family. Any resemblance to our original hillbillies is certainly not a coincidence." This prompted Capp to complain to the National Cartoonists Society that Fisher was "reflecting discredit on the society." As to their personal relationship, Capp told *Newsweek*, "I tried to ignore him. I regard him like a leper. I feel sorry for him but I shun him."

Ham Fisher's feelings toward Capp did not mellow with the passage of years. Unlike *Palooka*, he was not much for forgiving. He is said to have later carried on a campaign among fellow cartoonists

to prove that *Li'l Abner* was pornographic. He carried wads of clipped Capp strips around with him, along with the ever present long lists of all the papers currently carrying *Joe Palooka*. Capp struck back in that magazine for literate gentlemen, *The Atlantic Monthly*. The April, 1950, issue contained his *I Remember Monster*, several thousand anti-Fisher words. Though never mentioning him by name, Capp made it quite clear whom he meant.

When fans ask me, "How does a normal-looking fella like you think up all those-b-r-r-r!!-creatures?," I always evade a straight-forward answer. Because the truth is I don't think 'em up. I was lucky enough to know them—all of them—and what was even luckier, all in the person of one man. One veritable gold mine of swinishness. It was my privilege, as a boy, to be associated with a certain treasure-trove of lousiness, who, in the normal course of each day of his life, managed to be, in dazzling succession, every conceivable kind of heel.

From the perspective of his own affluence, Capp's Depression job with Fisher didn't look so good. "He paid me \$22 a week, and although I had no responsibilities but just one wife, one baby, one cellar apartment, and only one kid brother at Ohio State who needed \$3 a week to live on (he lived on carrots and unguarded milk), I wasn't a good manager I guess. I was always broke near the end of the week." Capp finished off his

JOE JINKS

Forced Landings



Joe Jinks started life in *Joe's Car* in 1915. Throughout the 20s Joe toyed with cars, then planes and finally in the 30s became a fight manager. Joe Jinks © King Features, used by permission.

BIG BEN BOLT



In 1950, illustrator John Cullen Murphy got together with Al Capp's brother to create Big Ben Bolt. © King Features used by permission.

piece with, "the wounded have been beguiled by books and sermons and comic strips into believing that something called Life Itself will, itself, punish Evil. Mostly, it doesn't. It didn't punish my Benefactor. He grew richer and healthier, more famous and more honored. He kept no old friends, but he made lots of shiny new friends. Nothing happened. He just grew older and eviler."

Ham Fisher had no trouble hiring new assistants. The two men who worked with him longest were Phil Boyle and Moe Leff. Leff, and this is probably not a coincidence, had also been an assistant to Al Capp. The tremendous jump in quality which *Li'l Abner* made from the mid-Thirties on, particularly with the addition of all those voluptuous women, was chiefly due to Leff. He'd drawn a Sunday page for United Features before joining Capp, a handsomely done kid fantasy page titled *Peter Pot*. Moe Leff greatly improved the looks of the Palooka strip, too, moving Joe even further from the rube image. He also drew the self-portrait of Ham Fisher which accompanies the *Comics and Their Creators* profile. Fisher probably had something to do with the writing of the feature, since Joe's manager Knobby's adventures seem to reflect some of Fisher's apparent feelings about himself. When Joe wasn't defending his title

or hiding out from the law for a crime he didn't commit or serving in the French Foreign Legion, the strip concentrated on detailing Knobby's numerous unsuccessful romances.

Joe Palooka has frequently been held up as the liberal answer to *Little Orphan Annie*. Fisher's supposed liberalism, and his much-photographed relationships with FDR and Harry Truman, may have been real. But the Palooka strips plugging enlisting, several months before Pearl Harbor, and support for sundry other worthwhile liberal causes read now like the most shallow kind of sound truck rhetoric. "The freedom train as I said is being sent to over 300 of America's largest cities and it will give every man, woman, and child a chance to see the most thrilling documents in our history," Joe tells his handler in a typical fervid moment. "It will be guarded by U.S. Marines because aboard will be the Declaration of Independence." "When Joe finishes listing the contents of the train, the handler exclaims, "Say, Joe, what-day will it be here? I want my kids to see it. I'd rather they'd see those than anything in the world!"

In spite of his success and his friendships with celebrities (frequently mentioned in the strip), Fisher seems to have been an unhappy and unlikeable man. In a 1948 autobiographical strip which

Collier's magazine ran as part of a series on top cartoonists, Fisher is shown talking to an aspiring young cartoonist in the final panel. "It must be WONDERFUL. I'm gonna be a CARTOONIST, too," blurts the freckled youth. Fisher tells him, "PHOOEY! Lissen...ya doan' anything for dinner tonite... I'm LONESOME!" His suicide in 1956 bore this out. Joe is still in the newspapers, though not in as many as during Fisher's day. The strip is drawn by the uninspired pen of Tony DiPreta. Joe is not a rube at all now, and he rarely fights.

Several sports strips came into being in the 1890s. Of varying degrees of seriousness, few of them survived the decade—*Rube Appleberry*, *Back Hancay*, *Bullet Benton*, *Ned Brant*, *Curly Harper*. Those last two were about college athletics. Ned's rather dull adventures were allegedly written by Bob Zapke, head football coach at the University of Illinois. Curly thrived only in a Sunday page which accompanied *Tim Tyler's Luck*. Credited to Lyman Young, the page was actually created and drawn by Nat Edson. A more successful jock-oriented feature was *Joe Jinks*. Joe had been in the funnies since 1918, starting life in *Joe's Car*, a strip drawn originally by Vic Forsythe for the *New York World*. Throughout the 20s Joe Jinks toyed with cars, then planes

(Continued on page 74)

AH, OH! HERE COMES PETE SMITH

By Russ Jones

"Pete Smith Specialties" took a light-hearted look at all our pet peeves and idiosyncrasies, and kept movie audiences rolling in the aisles for two decades.

If you're over 30 years of age, chances are you can remember going to the movies and seeing two features, a cartoon, a newsreel, and a short subject—all for what it now costs for a bag of pre-made popcorn. And if you do recall those days, then you had to have seen some "Pete Smith Specialties."

Pete Smith broke into show business as a secretary to the general manager of a vaudeville performers' union, and moved to the weekly publication that the union published. When the magazine went under, Smith moved to *Billboard* as movie editor and critic. Many jobs later he became head of MGM's publicity department, then on to their advertising arm. In 1931 he was chosen to write and narrate Metro's factual short subjects, which soon became his full-time job.

For four years Smith turned out a string of short subjects for the studio, including a ten-film series titled, "Goofy Movies." The films aren't great, but they are memorable, and what really pulled these films off was Smith's amusing narration. In one of the films in the series, an actor falls into the water and Smith comments, "His suit is ruined! And he was to speak at the Actors Equity that night!"

In 1935 MGM gave Smith his own series, "Pete Smith Specialties." He produced between 10 and 18 shorts a year for the next 20 years, without abating. More than



A publicity drawing of Pete Smith, who produced shorts from 1935 to 1955.

90 of his subjects were nominated for Academy Awards, two winning the coveted citation.

In author Leonard Maltin's book *The Great Movie Shorts* is an interesting comment from Smith: "These shorts were a highly personalized undertaking. In other words, I was in on every phase of production starting with the idea, writing of scripts (our story conferences went on for hours; everyone took a turn at acting out sequences); frequently I sat down at a typewriter and rewrote sequences rather than go into long meetings with the writer and director when the rush was on. In fact, we were a team and no one felt offended when someone else came up with an idea in his or her department and helped out."

During the 30s and 40s MGM left Smith pretty much on his own. They gave him a fixed amount of money per year and he was free to do whatever he wanted. Most of the shorts cost around \$20,000; the ones where he used stock footage cost less, but those



Jack Cummings, Pete Smith, Dave O'Brien and George Sidney on set of *Kiss Me Kate*



An unsuspecting customer trips over Dave O'Brien's foot in "Movie Pests" (1944), a guide for handling these spritances.

Dave O'Brien had been active in films for years as an actor, writer and director. In 1942, Pete Smith picked him as the Number One fall guy for his shorts.

shot in Technicolor cost more.

Smith also had some of the best young directors on the lot. George Sidney, who later went on to direct such films as *Showboat*, *The Three Musketeers* and *Scaramouche* was among them. Jacques Torneur, and Fred Zinnemann were also active in the Pete Smith stable.

Smith even produced several movies in 3-D. His film, "Quicker 'n a Wink" won an Academy Award.

Will Jason, one of Smith's best directors, suggested using actor-stuntman Dave O'Brien to star in the series. O'Brien had been active in films for years, and can be seen in such films as *42nd Street* and *Footlight Parade* as well as the popular "Reefer Madness." O'Brien had done work for Smith as early as 1940, as a writer (under the name of David Barclay), director

and actor. But in 1942 he became Smith's No. 1 fall guy.

Smith recalls: "Sometimes, developing laugh situations had its complications, as for instance the time we needed a real live bumblebee (the prop ones looked too phoney) to crawl up Dave O'Brien's naked back and up under his toupee while he was sunning himself on the patio couch. It just happened that bumblebees were out of season at the time. I reached the nearest beekeeper who could produce a bumblebee at Indio, a few hundred miles away in the desert. I needed such a bee and several stand-in bees the following day, or hold up a whole sequence. It was too good to drop: So I dispatched a driver and a studio limousine to the desert at midnight (studios always transported important passengers in limos). Our

bumblebee and stand-ins arrived on the set the following morning, just in time for Dave's big scene. No, the bumblebees were not trained to take direction. The action was started with the bee under Dave's hairpiece. To escape it crawled down his back. The film was then reversed when cut into the picture.

The topper came a week later. As I looked out of my office window there, sitting peacefully on the pane, was a nice fat bumblebee. His season in Culver City had arrived, and like most everyone else, he was trying to get into the movies."

Some of the best of the O'Brien series were based on various "pests." The first film in the series, "Movie Pests," was nominated for an Academy Award as Best One-Reel Subject of 1944. The tag on this very funny short is when Smith narrates, "Don't you sometimes wish..." and then shows deliriously happy moviegoers taking revenge on those hideous pests. A man cuts the feathers off the hat of a woman in front of him, another stomps on the toe of the dummy with his foot in the aisle, and it goes on and on.

Of course, the O'Brien shorts were not the only iron in Pete Smith's fire during the 40s. During the war, he produced morale-boosting and instructional films, which for the most part, were presented in a lighthearted manner, again featuring O'Brien.

One of the best wartime shorts was "Fala" (1943), an "autobiographical" short of President Roosevelt's popular dog, who (in Pete's voice) tells the audience about a typical day in his life. This short combined both newsreel and stock footage with new material that was actually shot at the White House in color with Fala playing with F.D.R.

A Technicolor sequel, "Fala At Hyde Park," was produced several years later, with the script approved and slightly revised by the President.

The postwar period brought many changes to Hollywood, and



The victim gets his revenge as he gleefully stomps on movie pest O'Brien's toes.



Top: Duke O'Brien signs long-term contract to Smith as his main actor, writer and director in 1945. Right: O'Brien assumes a relaxed pose in scene from the Smith short "What I Want Next." Bottom: Publicity photo of Duke O'Brien. Before signing on with Smith, he had had extensive experience in films as both an actor and a stunt-man.



The O'Brien shorts weren't the only iron in Smith's fire. During the 40s, he produced morale-boosting films, including an "autobiography" of FDR's dog.

to MGM in particular. For some reason, the Pete Smith shorts were not affected in the least. Some of the series' best, in fact were produced in the late 40s and early 50s.

"Those Good Old Days" is perhaps one of the best. Dave O'Brien played an incongruous gentleman in days of yore. The film also included one of the series' all-time wildest gags: after proposing marriage and being accepted, Dave leaves his girlfriend's home "walking on air"—literally! (Dave's wife, Dorothy Short, played the role of his sweetheart as she did in all his other shorts since 1946).

Another of Smith's better shorts was "Things We Can Do Without" (1954), which poked fun at new household appliances. Before the short was over—you guessed it—everything went wrong.

After having completed his run of films for the 1955 season, Pete Smith announced his retirement from show business, due to a heart condition. His final short was a tribute to Dave O'Brien, titled "The Fall Guy." Pete introduced Dave as "the number one fall guy in the business," and proved it by showing clips from the best of the long, durable series.

In 1955, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences presented Pete Smith with a special award. It read: "To Pete Smith for his witty and pungent observations of the American scene in his series of 'Pete Smith Specialties!' It was an award well deserved, for over 20 years, Pete Smith had himself become part of the national scene—an institution.

To this day, on television commercials, one will hear the familiar Pete Smith voice, done by several imitators (some of which are quite good) using the old sight gag routine. But this only proves more than ever that the popularity of his shorts will endure.



Top: Pete and MIT's Dr. Harold Eggerton performing some scientific experiments. Bottom: Posing with Miss Perfection of 1938, Dorothy Belle Dugan

BASEBALL QUIZ

By Michael Valenti

1. Many of baseball's most feared sluggers have whacked three or four home runs in a single game, some swatting three several times in their career. Yet the player who holds the record for the most home runs hit in consecutive games—eight in eight straight games—was an itinerant fast baseman in the 50s and early 60s who played with four different teams and never caught on with any of them. His record is especially impressive when you consider that no other player has homered as more than six straight games, and even the mighty Ruth's best effort was only five. Do you remember this tantalizing streak-hitting first-sacker?

2. Over a 75-game stretch in 1962, this 20-year-old second baseman handled 418 chances in the field without committing an error, establishing a dazzling fielding record that still stands today. That year he was named National League Rookie of the Year. But after just one more successful season in baseball, with the fans and players of a lowly franchise excited about the team's pennant chances, he never played in another game. Can you name this superlative glove man?

3. One of the best clutch-hitting shortstops ever to suit up, and one of the youngest players-managers ever to pilot a big-league team, he inspired his players in a flamboyant season of stunts and giveaways to being a hotly contested pennant to a Great Lake city for the first time in 23 years. Who was the "boy genius" who cracked out two home runs in the winner-take-all tiegame playoff?

4. Only eight players have amassed more than 1,500 lifetime bases on balls. As you'd expect, seven of the eight were among baseball's outstanding sluggers—who were frequently either walked intentionally or pitched to very carefully. But the man who ranks fifth in this select company

(ahead of Gehrig, Munsie and Mays) was a light-sticking lead-off man who averaged fewer than eight home runs a season. Yet he managed to wangle a free ticket to first 1,614 times. Do you recall this pesky foul-off expert, known in his time as "The Walking Man"?

5. World War II saw many oddities occur in the national pastime, as the drafting of 11 million young men thinned out the ranks of professional athletes. One promotion-minded owner met the challenge by hiring a one-armed player to patrol a sector of his outer real estate. Can you name this remarkably agile one-armed outfielder?

6. In 1941, at 23, Ted Williams batted .406, the last hitter to reach the awesome .400 mark. Most baseball aficionados feel that this will never be done again, due to the radical changes in the sport (night games, nationwide travel schedule, emphasis on relief pitching).

And indeed, it hasn't been done in 33 years. However, in 1957, a 39-year-old veteran hitting at a fantastic clip through August and September came within 12 points of the magic circle. Who could this durable, sharp-eyed pro have been?

7. In the dramatic last game of the 1951 playoffs between the then Brook-

lyn Dodgers and New York Giants, Bobby Thomson hit "the shot heard round the world" against Ralph Branca, wrestling what had seemed like a sure pennant from the Dodger's grasp. Afterwards many sportswriters and fans bitterly argued that the Dodger brain trust should have intentionally walked

8. When power hitters and their records are discussed, this Ruthian stalwart is seldom mentioned. Yet he holds several home run records plus the overall runs-batted-in record for one season, an unbelievable 150 r.b.i.'s. Diddy he was even built along the blocky lines of the Bambino. Do you remember that forgotten slugger who played in the heartland of America in the 20s and early 30s?

9. In the 1934 All-Star game, the National League's starting pitcher, Carl Hubbell, faced one of the most formidable power lineups ever assembled on a baseball diamond. Exceptionally sharp that day, Hubbell electrified the sports world by striking out,

Thomson to fill the bases, then pitch to an undoubtedly nervous, inexperienced 20-year-old rookie scheduled to bat next. Who was the young outfielder waiting in the batter's circle?

in succession, Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Jimmy Foss, Al Simmons and Joe Cronin. But the next man to face him rifled a sharp single to left. Who was this cool batsman who refused to be intimidated by Hubbell?

10. The team hadn't won a pennant in 34 years. In a few short seasons the city would lose the franchise altogether. But in 1948 everything suddenly seemed to gel. The team's two best pitchers were probably good enough that year to have ranked No. 1 on most other major league pitching squads. Trouble was they didn't have an adequate No. 3 man to go with the golden duo. This gave birth to a famous jingle that summed up the team's predicament. What was the refrain and who were the pitchers?

11. Before baseball went "scientific," pitching was a much more colorful part of the game. Such oddities as the fork ball, hesitation pitches, the palm ball and other freak deliveries tormented the batters and delighted the fans. But the most unorthodox pitch of all was developed by a Pittsburgh Pirate pitcher who made the league's All-Star squad three years in a row. He called his tricky pitch a "blooper"; a mesmerizing pitch, it was thrown with very little velocity on a rising, spinning arc, climbing as high as 10 feet above the batter's head—before it suddenly died and tumbled in and down over the plate. Can you identify the Buccaneer who developed this weird pitch?

12. He was undoubtedly the oldest "rookie" to ever make the big leagues. It took him another six years just to learn how to throw a decent curve. Despite this, he had developed or mastered more different types of deliveries than most young pitchers have teeth. And even with inferior teams behind him, he beat the championship teams of his time. Can you name this amazing athlete whose philosophy was as colorful as his pitching prowess?

(Answers on page 74)

LYDIA PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

By Marge Waterfield

Lydia Pinkham mixed and gave away her "cure for the weakness of females" for years; she never dreamed it would eventually make her very famous.

The recent announcement that the great-grandson of Lydia Pinkham had sold the family business caused many an old timer to ask, "Was there really a Lydia Pinkham?"

"Lydia Pinkham Vegetable Compound" has been one of the most popular patent medicines in the United States for more than one hundred years and was indeed invented and marketed by none other than Lydia Pinkham herself.

Although Lydia Estes Pinkham mixed and gave away her "cure for the weakness of females" to her relatives and neighbors for many years, she never dreamed that in her later years it would make her famous throughout the country. The first 50 years of her life were mostly devoted to the women suffrage movement and fighting for almost any good cause that needed fighting for.

Lydia Estes was born February 9, 1819 in a farm house outside Lynn, Massachusetts. Her parents, William and Rebecca Estes, were well-to-do and she received quite a high education for a girl then.

She was raised to be a fighter for "social causes." Her parents had both been raised as Quakers and were even married in a Quaker ceremony but soon found themselves at odds with the sect's strict rules governing slavery.

Although Quakers outwardly didn't deny Negroes the right to attend their Meetings, they made

them very uncomfortable and refused to seat them with the rest of the congregation. They weren't the only Quakers upset over the issue. Another young girl in the congregation, one year younger than Lydia, was Susan B. Anthony.

The issue became more and more strained between the Estes family and the strict Quakers. Finally Rebecca had her fill and left the church. The entire family followed and with a sigh of relief, shed the Quaker clothing.

All ten children in the Estes home thrived on books and people expressing radical views on almost any given subject. Although her mother eventually joined the Swedenborgian religion, the children were encouraged to follow their own convictions.

Since Lydia was the youngest child, it was no surprise that she was a rebel from the beginning. She was also greatly influenced by a grammar school teacher, Alonzo Lewis. He was not only an advocate of progressive education but also an Abolitionist leader. He definitely influenced Lydia's desire to be a teacher.

Although most girls in those times received only a meager grammar school education, Lydia pursued her education to its fullest, graduating from Lynn Academy with highest honors. This was considered the best education obtainable at that time. Her entire family was proud of her and encouraged

her to follow an independent career (unheard of for a young girl of that time).

Although she did become a teacher, most of her time and energy was spent fighting for women's rights and anti-slavery issues. She thrived on friendships made with such notable rebels as

James N. Buffam, wealthy promoter of anti-slavery acts, temperance movements, labor laws and women's rights; William Lloyd Garrison, Nathaniel Rogers, Wendell Phillips, Parker Pillsbury, and John Greenleaf Whittier.

Her family entertained these leaders in their home and encour-

aged lively and spirited discussions. Thus they were not swayed by fancy orators in the lecture hall, but by personally debating each issue with them.

Lydia's mother, always the crusader, was on the Board of Managers of the Lynn Branch of the Female Anti-Slavery Society.

founded by Lucretia Mott in 1836. Needless to say, Lydia was an active member.

Another member of the group, who later became quite famous, was Abby Kelley. She became the first woman in Massachusetts to address a mixed audience and eventually became known nation-



Linda E. Piskun at twenty-five

School Girls

Mothers of young girls at this period of life, or the girl herself, are earnestly invited to write Mrs. Pinkham for advice; all such letters are strictly confidential; she has guided in a motherly way thousands of young women; and her advice is freely and cheerfully given.

School days are danger days for American girls. Often physical collapse follows, and it takes years to recover the health fully. Sometimes recovery does not come. Perhaps they are not over-careful about keeping their last try. Many girls in this respect are monthly sicknesses are usually rendered very severe. Then begin ailments which should be removed at once, or they will produce constant suffering. Headache, faintness, slight pains in the back and loins, irregularity, loss of sleep and appetite, a tendency to avoid the society of others, all indicate that the organs that make her a woman need immediate attention.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

has helped many a young girl over this critical period. With it they have gone through their trials with courage and safety. With its proper use the young girl is safe from the peculiar dangers of school years and prepared for healthy womanhood.

A Young Chicago Girl "Stuffed Too Hard."

"Thank Mrs. STEPHAN. — I wish to thank you for the help you have given me through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills. When I was about 18 years old I suddenly acquired poor health and vitality. Father said I needed too hard, too great different and powerful tonic, when I took by the quantity. Reading one day in the paper of Mrs. Pinkham's great cure, I immediately described my ailment to him. I decided I would give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. I did not say a word to my mother or myself, and took it secretly. In a few days regularly I began to feel better, and in a few weeks I was as well as ever. I am now 25 years old. — GEORGE B. BOWEN, JR., 210 N. 10th St., Chicago, Ill."

¹¹Miss Pratt Unable to Attend School.

"DEAR MISS FRANKLIN:—I feel it my duty to tell all young women who follow E. J. Franklin's wonderful Vegetarian Course, that I am happy. I was completely run down, unable to attend school, and had all my kind of society, but now I feel like a new person, and have gained pounds of flesh in three months. I recommend it to all young women who follow Nature's pathway."—MISS ANNA FRANK, Holly Mass.

Thousands of such testimonials prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound is the one sure remedy to be relied on in this important problem in a young girl's life. Look for the name with Lydia E. Pinkham's name on it, and accept no others.

\$5000

FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above subscribers, which will prove their identity past-doubt.

wide as a dynamic lecturer.

Living in Lynn at that time was an escaped slave who was trying to help free his people. He was a self-educated man whose great oratory powers eventually made him welcome throughout the country and even in Europe. Naturally, the noted Negro, Frederick Douglas, was a close friend to the Estes family.

Lydia and her sister Gulielma supported Douglas in every way, often helping to surround him from unfriendly crowds outside the lecture halls. In 1842, Gulielma walked down a street in Lynn holding onto the arm of Frederick as she would any gentleman of the day. The incident caused a heated argument between the Estes girls and the Methodist minister of the church Gulielma had joined. When the clergyman admitted that he thought Negroes would never go to heaven, Gulielma resigned from the church.

Lydia got herself in equal trouble by sitting next to Douglas in a "white car" on the Eastern Railroad. When Douglas was asked to sit in the "Jim Crow" car, he announced very courteously that he was quite comfortable. The conductor was even more infuriated by the fact that Lydia was enjoying a friendly conversation with the black man and refused to let the conductor past her to reach him. Finally with other authorities helping, Douglas was forcibly thrown off the train.

As Frederick Douglas widened his horizons, he was always a welcome visitor to the Estes home when he returned to Lynn. Ironically, Lydia taught Douglas's wife to read. Although the women were loyal to his cause, he never really supported theirs as far as women's rights go.

Having been denied the right to join the all-male Debating Society of Lynn, Lydia organized her own, called the "Freeman's Institute" in 1843. Frederick Douglas was elected President and she was secretary. There were 90 members, 27 of whom were women. The discussions held there were practically unheard of, even in Lynn, which seemed to have more than its share of rebels.

Not only was Lydia very successful at her Freeman's Institute debates but she also found a



Mrs. Weissitz, Buffalo, N. Y., cured of kidney trouble by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Of all the diseases known with which the female organism is afflicted, kidney disease is the most fatal. In fact, no less prompt and correct treatment is applied, the weary patient seldom survives.

Being fully aware of this, Mrs. Pinkham, early in her career, gave careful study to the subject, and in producing her great remedy for woman's ills—**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**—made sure that it contained the correct combination of herbs which was certain to control that dreaded disease, woman's kidney trouble.

Read What Mrs. Weissitz Says.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For two years my life was simply a burden. I suffered so with female troubles, and pains across my back and loins. The doctor told me that I had kidney trouble and prescribed for me. For three months I took his medicine, but grew steadily worse. My husband then advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and brought home a bottle. It is the greatest blessing ever brought to our home. Within three months I was a changed woman. My pain had disappeared, my complexion became clear, my eyes bright, and my entire system in good shape."—**MRS. PAULA WEISSITZ, 178 BRADLEY ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.**—\$5000 worth of other letters proving genuineness cannot be printed.

husband there, Isaac Pinkham. So at the age of 24, the tall, attractive red-haired crusader became Lydia E. Pinkham.

The short plump widower was not new to the radical movements in which Lydia engaged. He also came from an old New England family of fighters for "social causes." Pinkham men were known to be "hard-headed" but men of few words. This possibly made for a good marriage between Isaac and Lydia, as she never seemed to be lost for words.

Although the Pinkhams had a

very happy marriage, and continued active in one cause after another, they never quite prospered financially. Isaac ventured into many businesses but the fortune he pursued always seemed just beyond his grasp. It seemed that for the first 30 years of their marriage they lived on loans and high hopes. They were blessed with four children: Charles, William, Daniel, and Aroline, and always were a close family. Being true to her nature, Lydia encouraged her children to excel in their education, especially public speaking.

When the children were older Lydia became somewhat of a



Mrs. Haskell, Worthy Vice-Templar, Independent Order Good Templars, of Silver Lake, Mass., tells of her cure by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Four years ago I was nearly dead with inflammation and ulceration. I endured daily untold agony, and life was a burden to me. I had used medicines and washes internally and externally until I made up my mind that there was no relief for me. Calling at the home of a friend, I noticed a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My friend endorsed it highly, and I decided to give it a trial to see if it would help me. It took patience and perseverance for I was in bad condition, and I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nearly five months before I was cured, but what a change, from despair to happiness, from misery to the delightful exhilarating feeling health always brings. I would not change back for a thousand dollars, and your Vegetable Compound is a grand medicine.

"I wish every sick woman would try it and be convinced."—**MRS. INA HASKELL, Silver Lake, Mass.** Worthy Vice Templar, Independent Order of Good Templars.—\$5000 worth of other letters proving genuineness cannot be printed.

After 100 years, Lydia's face remains on every box of Vegetable Compound, and she still promises to plant "the fresh roses of life" on milady's cheeks.

volunteer nurse in her neighborhood. Her calmness in emergencies, along with her good common sense, seemed to influence her patients. I suppose it seemed only natural that eventually she even supplied her own home remedies. Many had been handed down through her family but many she found in medical books.

The lack of cleanliness and a slow acceptance of chloroform as an anesthetic in childbirth made women skeptical of help by male physicians. Before long Lydia was endorsing the plea of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who advised that washing the hands with strong antiseptic before delivering a baby could save many mothers from dying of infection or childbed fever as it was called. Before long, Lydia was also actively advocating acceptance of women at Harvard Medical School. She believed, "Only a woman can understand a woman's ills."

Eventually, she also became an enthusiast of a medical reform group called "American Eclectics." The Eclectics stressed the therapeutic value of plants and herbs. This was not a new concept to Lydia, as in her youth her mother had always used thyme, lavender, boneset tea, mullein, tansy, and wild indigo as medicine.

Lydia read all she could on Eclectic Medicine and found her favorite work to be "The American Dispensary." This possibly could be marked as the turning point in her life, for in this volume she found a formula, which she changed slightly, that eventually became her famed "Vegetable Compound." It was considered an "old squaw remedy" for women's difficulties.

She mixed some of the concoction and dispensed it in her nursing ventures. Soon friends and neighbors were talking about the help they had received from monthly cramps and the distresses of menopause by taking Lydia's tonic. It wasn't long before strangers were knocking at her door asking for a bottle of her compound. For a while, she happily gave it away.

ATTRACTIVE WOMEN.

Fullness of Health Makes Sweet Dispositions and Happy Homes.

[EXTRACTS FROM MRS. PINKHAM'S NOTE BOOK.]

Woman's greatest gift is the power to inspire admiration, respect and love. There is a beauty in health which is more attractive to men than mere regularity of feature.



To be a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband, should be a woman's constant study. At the first indication of ill

health, painful menses, pains in the side, headache or backache, secure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and begin its use. This truly wonderful remedy is the safeguard of women's health.

MRS. MAURET SMITH, 345 Central Ave., Jersey City Heights, N. J., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I can hardly find words with which to thank you for what your wonderful remedy has done for me. Without it I would by this time have been dead or worse, insane; for when I started to take Lydia E. Pinkham's

Vegetable Compound I was in a terrible state. I think it would be impossible for me to tell all I suffered.

Every part of my body seemed to pain some way. The pain in my back and head was terrible. I was nervous, had hysterics and fainting spells. My case was one that was given up by two of the best doctors in Brooklyn. I had given up myself, as I had tried so many things, I believed nothing would ever do me any good. But, thanks to your medicine, I am now well and strong; in fact, another person entirely."

If you are pained about yourself, write freely and fully to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., and secure the advice which she offers free of charge to all women. This is the advice that has brought sunshine into many homes which nervousness and irritability had nearly wrecked.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; a Woman's Remedy for Women's Ills.

Write writing to the address given inside. A lady's Friend.

Then in 1873 the family faced the worst crisis of their lives. The Panic of '73 completely wiped out Isaac's real estate business. Broken in spirit, Isaac felt he could not start all over again at the age of 60. The rest of the family however, did not let the depression hold them down for long.

They held a family conference and found the only real asset they had was Lydia's medicine for female complaints. They decided to call it simply, "Lydia E. Pinkham Vegetable Compound," and ran the business out of the family

home. In the usual Pinkham tradition, they threw themselves into the venture wholeheartedly. They started selling the remedy at a rate of 5 bottles for \$6.00 locally. The sons passed out handbills around Lynn and neighboring communities. It wasn't long before orders started pouring in.

Besides making the medicine in the basement kitchen and bottling it herself, Lydia also wrote a four-page booklet called, "Guide for Women." It wasn't unusual for her boys to deliver some 3,500 guides

(Continued on page 73)



A VERY SPECIAL MOUSE

By Penny Nicolai

With the advent of the war, Walt and Mickey stopped making films and worked on the war effort; Mickey's name was the password on D-Day.

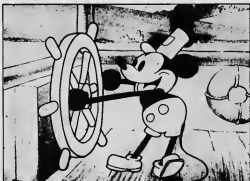
The year 1927 conjures up many memories of news events—Civil War flaring up in China, the execution of Ruth Brown Snyder and Henry Judd Grey for the murder of her husband, Lindbergh's famous flight to Paris, Tunney winning a second decision over Dempsey without benefit of a long count, and the creation of Walt Disney's famous character—MICKEY MOUSE.

Conceived on a train, Mickey Mouse has now reigned as the most familiar personality on earth for almost forty-six years. And, what years those have been for both Walt and Mickey.

Walt Disney came to California in 1923, the proud possessor of a few drawing materials, a small amount of cash, a well-worn suit and a completed fairy tale animation subject. Joining forces with his brother, Roy, they pooled their respective fortunes, \$40 and \$250, scraped up an additional \$500 and set up shop in their uncle's garage.

It wasn't long before they were doing animated featurettes and were able to expand their operation into the rear of a Hollywood real-estate office. There things ran smoothly until 1927—when disaster struck.

Deciding that it was time to negotiate a new contract and some additional money to improve the featurettes of Oswald the Rabbit, Walt and his wife took a trip back East to handle negotiations. How-



"Steamboat Willie" was to be Disney's final try in animation; it was a sound cartoon, and he sunk everything he had in it.

ever, not only did the backers decline more money, but they took control of Oswald and stole half of Disney's animators as well.

Feeling slightly depressed, but by no means beaten, Disney and his wife packed their bags and boarded the train for the long ride home. The answer was really quite simple—a new cartoon character—but what? Dogs, cats, rabbits and other conventional animals were old hat. In order to really make it, the character must be something new. Then it struck him—a mouse.

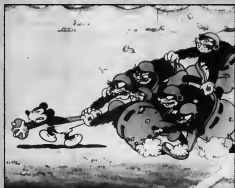
And he couldn't have been more on target.

From his first hit, Mickey was a character everybody loved. Born out of the depression, he taught people to laugh at themselves. He had big dreams and his dreams became universal.

As soon as the train arrived, Walt raced to the studio to work on the first silent Mickey cartoon, "Plane Crazy." When it didn't meet with much enthusiasm, he began another, "Gallop in Gaocho." And when no-one



Clockwise from top left. This is the garage where Disney began his cartooning career in 1923. In a little over 17 years, the Disney complex had grown to the size seen above; this photo was taken in 1940. Below is a scene from the first silent Mickey cartoon, "Plane Crazy." It didn't meet with much enthusiasm, but undaunted, he began another: "Collops Gaucho."



Touchdown Mickey

This action-filled 1932 Mickey Mouse cartoon opens as the big game between Mickey's Mangles and the Alley Cats is in the final quarter with Mickey's team losing, 82-08.

Mickey runs steadily toward the goal, easily avoiding Alley Cat blocking. The fans go wild at the touchdown. Black ducks in the "roosting" section turn to spell "M-I-C-K-E-Y" using their white tails instead of cards.

The ball now goes to the Alley Cats, one of whom ties together the tails of two teammates. They charge down the grid, tripping the Mangles. Pluto, the water dog, pulls a waterbarrel cart onto the field, unnoticed. Mickey retrieves the ball in a fumble. Pluto tries to get out of his way, but Mickey is tackled and lands in the barrel, breaking it. Here Mickey "surfs" on a barrel slat to a touchdown which ties the score.

Mickey holds the ball for his placekicker, whose shoe comes off with the kick and lands on Mickey's head. Since he can't see, Mickey runs for the wrong goal and hits the Alley Cat's post. Realizing what has happened, Mickey takes off the other way. One of the Mangles lies on his side and rolls down the field in front of him, squashing the Alley Cats. Mickey also gets caught under the "steamroller," and is smashed flat. A dachshund retrieves Mickey's fumble for the Mangles.

Mickey revives and takes the ball back in the final second of the game. As he nears the goal, the Alley Cats pile on. The gun fires, the game is over. Did he make it? The players get up and Mickey, embedded in the turf, holds the ball just over the line. Victory!

Minnie rushes from the grandstand and as they are carried off the field atop the goalposts, a battered and bruised Mickey kisses his girlfriend.



wanted to buy it, he decided on one final try, a sound cartoon: "Steamboat Willie."

Since talkies had just begun, Walt sank everything into this one last chance. It was all or nothing. And it was ALL. While other stars found their careers wiped out overnight, Mickey Mouse found his career on a steady climb uphill.

At first he only squeaked, or rather Walt Disney squeaked for him. Then in 1929, his first chance to really speak came and he said "Hot Dog" in the "Karnival Kid." From that moment on, Mickey was the idol of millions. In fact, his cartoons became so popular that people would ask the ticket taker at the theatre if they were running a Mickey before purchasing admission. Theatres began displaying posters that read "Mickey Mouse Playing Today" and it wasn't uncommon for people to sit through a feature twice to see Mickey again.

As Mickey's success grew, so did Disney's list of characters. Minnie had been around since the beginning, and by 1934, there was a whole gang including Pluto and Goofy.

Mickey's fame soon became world-wide. He was given a place in the Encyclopedia Britannica. One hour shows were held in Carnegie Hall and at the Tatler in

In order to really make it, Walt Disney had to have a character that was really new; then it struck him—a mouse. He couldn't have been more right.

London. Disney was hailed as the genius of the talkies, just as Charlie Chaplin had been hailed as the genius of the silents. In 1940 Mickey's career peaked with *Fantasia*, claimed by New York critics as Best Picture of the Year. In short, Mickey received more awards and honors than any other star in history, not to mention the much coveted Academy Award. It was a far cry from the garage.

A football hero, a pilot, a giant killer, an inventor, a detective, no character was out of reach for Mickey. Along with Minnie, Mickey became the leading character in a huge empire. Mickey Mouse Clubs with a secret handshake, a song, and special greeting sprang up along with merchandising of watches, comic books, and other products.

With the advent of the war, Walt and Mickey stopped making films and worked on the war effort. Mickey appeared on numerous insignia and posters, he urged people to buy war bonds, and incredibly, his name was the



The Mail Pilot

Mail Pilot Mickey prepares to take off with precious cargo in this 1933 Mickey Mouse short. After his plane belches and wheezes several times, it finally lifts into the air with grace. A picture of Minnie framed inside a horseshoe ejects from the control panel in front of Mickey. He kisses the picture and puts it back. In a dark rainstorm, Mickey's goggles are equipped with windshield wipers which whisk away the rain. In cold climates, snow gathers on the plane and on Mickey as he climbs up and down to avoid mountain tops. Once in warmer weather, the plane shakes off the snow, and the sun sings along with the theme, "For the mail must go through."

Pegleg Pete, a mail bandit whose Wanted poster was on display at the airport, confronts Mickey from behind a cloud. Even his plane looks sinister with a scowl and black bat wings. Pete's machine gun trims Mickey's wings and propellers, and Mickey heads into a crash dive, leveling out with the help of a rooftop or two and finally landing on the ground. A circular laundry rack provides a temporary propeller to get him airborne again but it soon gives out. Mickey then uses a windmill rotor to keep him going. Black Pete shoots a harpoon into the rear of Mickey's plane and an in-flight bug-of-war takes place, with Mickey losing.

Minnie's picture pops out of the panel just in time. Seeing it, Mickey gets renewed strength and pulls Pete along a rough trail, through a church belfry and cactus fields. Mickey is the hero of the day when he lands with bandit Pete in tow, and Minnie rushes to kiss him as the airport crew sings, "Through snow, sleet and rain and hail, a pilot never fails."



Mickey, armed with a swordfish, duels Pegleg Pete in "Shanghaied," 1934. (re-released, Buena Vista.)



Above from left. A production staff meeting in the Disney studios. Roy and Walt (on left) pose with their honorable mention from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for "Flowers and Trees" in 1932. In the scene at right, the dancing animators are working out poses for Mickey & Minnie.



The evolution of Mickey Mouse: The changes in the way Mickey Mouse has been drawn through the years is clearly evident in this composite drawing. From left to right: Mickey as he appeared in his first public appearance in "Steamboat Willie" in 1928; Mickey in the 1930's; as the Sorcerer's Apprentice in "Fantasia," often referred to as the Golden Age Mickey; in his dapper outfit of the 1940's; in "Fun and Fancy Free" in 1947, and his final appearance in the 1950's, which is the way he is still represented today.



Mickey's Good Deed

When the scene opens on this 1932 Walt Disney cartoon classic, snow is falling gently and Mickey Mouse is playing a cello at a busy street corner while his dog Pluto waits patiently by a small tin collection cup. When Mickey and Pluto check their income, they find only nuts and bolts and bent nails have been left as a reward for their services.

Mickey starts playing again, this time near a wealthy home. Inside, a screaming and kicking child refuses fancy toys to the dismay of his father and the butler. He looks outside, hearing Mickey's music, and decides he wants the doggie. Hoping to quiet the boy, the father sends the butler to buy Pluto. Mickey and Pluto take off. The pursuing butler makes an offer, but Mickey says, "I won't sell him, mister. He's my pal." Mickey falls on the ice, and his cello sails across the sidewalk and into the street, where it is smashed by a passing horse-drawn sleigh.

Later, Mickey and Pluto wander up to the window of a rundown shack. Inside, a woman in a ratty shawl is crying. She can't afford presents for her poor, fatherless children. Mickey relents and sells Pluto to the rich family for money to help the poor. Dressed as Santa Claus, Mickey sneaks back to the shack and leaves gifts.

Pluto, with a turkey tied to his tail, tries to escape from the boy, who is wrecking his father's house. The enraged father finally orders the butler to get rid of the dog and gives his son a long-needed spanking.

Pluto finds Mickey roasting a single wiener over a fire. Next to him is a snowman in Pluto's image. As Mickey sighs, Pluto bursts forth from the snowman, and they are happily reunited. They cook the turkey and have a Merry Christmas feast after all!



As Mickey's success grew, so did the list of characters. Donald Duck and a whole gang were around by 1934.

password of the allied forces on D-Day.

Through the 40s and early 50s, Mickey began to make less and less cartoons. Due to his evolving into a symbol of everything, Disney found it hard to create story situations. If he lost his temper or did anything sneaky, fans would write in insisting that Mickey just wouldn't do that.

Now that Mickey has reached middle age, his popularity is as strong as ever. Early shorts are being re-released due to increasing demand and he still satirizes our foibles and teaches us to laugh at ourselves.

Walt Disney once said, as he surveyed Disneyland on a TV show, "I hope we never lose sight of one fact: that this was all started by a mouse." And with the love that everyone has for Mickey, I am sure it will never be forgotten.



POP

ART



By Jean Guck

During the early 60s, it seemed as if the goal of the new Pop Art movement was "A Soup Can In Every Museum And A Giant Hamburger In Every Gallery."

Until the early 60s, the artifacts of our so-called mass culture were never taken seriously by social and cultural critics; more often than not, these artifacts were either routinely ignored or simply dismissed as fads or, at most, just another example of the mindless fluff ground out to please the somewhat limited intelligence of the Great Unwashed, who presumably inhabited that Vast Wasteland that lay between the East and West Coasts of America. And perhaps our esteemed literati would still be content to leave the details of everyday images to the retentive brain cells of trivia buffs had not an iconoclastic group of artists sought to legitimize these details on canvas.

Claes Oldenburg's "Three-Way Plug—Scale B" is a statement on America's penchant for hygiene. Its soft texture is Oldenburg's attempt to deflate that motif.

Enter Pop Art, whose goal at the time seemed to be "A Soup Can In Every Museum And A Giant Hamburger In Every Gallery." Culturally, it was the official beginning of the Shocking 60s.

The first examples of Pop Art were not very well-received by many critics. Some dismissed it as a fad or a joke; others considered it an affront to serious art. (But then very few new movements gain instant acceptance; after all, Picasso and Van Gogh were also snubbed by other critics in other times, so what did it matter what they said?) People were buying Pop, some critics reversed their earlier opinions of it, and by 1964, nearly every New York art gallery worth its East Side address was snapping, crackling and popping with this new art form.

Among the first, and certainly the best known of this innovative crew was Andy Warhol, whose gargantuan paintings of Camp-

bell's Soup cans, and silk screens of contemporary goddesses, such as Marilyn Monroe, Elizabeth Taylor and Jackie Kennedy are famous throughout the world. "He paints the gamy glamor of mass society with the lobotomized glee that characterizes the cooled-off generation," wrote *Newsweek*, describing his paintings. Warhol started out as a commercial artist, which might, in part, explain his fascination with soup cans. In 1957, he won the Art Directors' Club Medal for his ad that featured a gigantic shoe. He felt that "Everybody should be a machine . . . everybody should be like everybody. That seems to be what is happening now." Although that remark seems rather inconsistent with one so consistently avant-garde, it could be taken to mean that there is a certain amount of loneliness, of alienation, in trying to be different. Or perhaps it could be taken as an ironic comment on the

logical conclusions of total conformity. But in an interview for *Art News* of November, 1963, Warhol did not consider his earlier commercial art as "mechanical" as his "legitimate" art. "I was getting paid for it and did anything they told me to do. If they told me to draw a shoe, I'd do it, and if they told me to correct it, I would... I'd have to invent and now I don't; after all that 'correction,' those commercial drawings would have feelings, they would have a style. The attitude of those who hired me had feeling or something to it; they knew what they wanted, they insisted; sometimes they got very emotional. The process of doing work in commercial art was machine-like, but the attitude had feeling to it." When asked why he started painting soup cans, Warhol replied, "I used to have the same soup lunch every day for twenty years. So I painted soup cans."

Although his reproduction of soup cans and similar objects can be traced to the serial paintings of earlier artists such as Monet, his choice of object has a more contemporary meaning. One of the basic tenets of Pop Art is that any object, no matter how mundane or commonplace, can be considered art in certain perspectives. After all, who is to say what is art and what is not? It can also be seen as a comment on the American habit of mass-producing nearly everything in sight until one is so saturated with it that what was once original becomes trite in a matter of months. This was borne out when, shortly after Warhol's soup cans became famous, the novelty market was deluged with a plethora of posters, pillows, coffee mugs and countless other items sporting the Campbell's logo.

Similarly, Warhol's blown-up silk-screen paintings of such early 60s superstars as Marilyn Monroe, Liz Taylor and Jackie Kennedy also say something about the American tendency of hero (or, in this case, heroine) worship. These blow-ups are larger than life itself; which is exactly the way the public views its celebrities. There is no longer any differentiation between the real person and the idealized public image; art and reality become confused, or blend themselves into one. This ideal is also sought after as the "perfect image"



At first glance, Robert Rauschenberg's "First Landing Jump" seems like a collection of old junk, but it's really a "tribute" to America's god, the auto.

by millions; in those definitely pre-Womens Lib days, it seemed as if every woman in America wanted to look like Marilyn, Liz or Jackie.

Warhol's "Death" series, depicts grisly car wrecks, electric chairs, people committing suicide and other ways of dying. Death, particularly violent death, is pervasive throughout our culture. A week doesn't go by when you don't see newspaper headlines urging you to read about the latest gruesome series of murders, so much so that one more violent death doesn't really matter. Warhol, in the *Art News* interview says that he got the idea for the Death series from a newspaper headline about a plane crash where 129 people were killed. "It was Christmas or Labor Day—a holiday—and every time you turned on the radio, they said something like '4 million are going to die.' That started it. But when

you see a gruesome picture over and over again, it doesn't really have any effect."

Another Pop artist, but a bit more upbeat, was Roy Lichtenstein, who is known primarily for his blown-up comic strip panels. In an interview for *Art News* of November 1963, Lichtenstein sees his art in terms of the capitalistic and industrial society of contemporary Western culture. "I think... that it's industrial, it's what all the world will become." Until recently, comic strips were never seriously considered to have any true artistic merit, other than illustrating rather simple-minded stories. Comic art had no permanent value, a characteristic which, to Lichtenstein, was a perfect vehicle for Pop Art. It "has very immediate and of-the-moment meanings... and Pop takes advantage of this 'meaning,' which is

When asked why he started painting soup cans, Warhol replied, "I used to have the same soup lunch every day for twenty years. So I painted soup cans."

not supposed to last . . ." And that—the impermanence, the built-in obsolescence of our culture and products, is what Pop Art purports to be about.

Lichtenstein has also painted a number of highly stylized, comic-strip-like landscapes, sunsets and valleys, looking more like a very pleasant cartoon than real life. "The sunset is banal and sentimental," said Lichtenstein in a *Newsweek* article of November 9, 1964. "But it's a certain kind of banal—like life and one's normal responses to it." It is merely a preparation for a technology-controlled future. But one also gets the

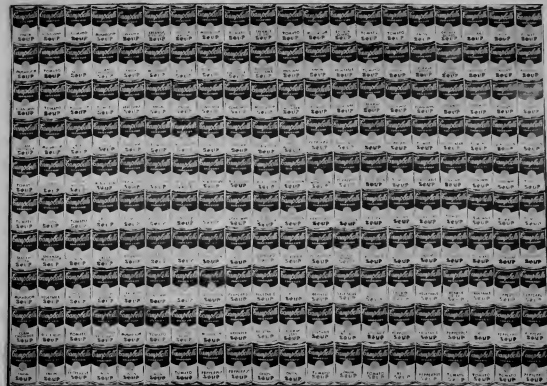
Rauschenberg's "Flush" is a montage of paintings and a shot of a rocket being fired (below). At right is another of Oldenburg's outsize deflated appliances, this time a 64-inch vacuum cleaner.



feeling that Pop Art, despite its surface celebration of banality, did try to jolt peoples' sensibilities. "It was hard to get a painting that was despicable enough so that no one would hang it—everybody was hanging everything. It was almost acceptable to hang a dripping paint rag, everybody was accustomed to this. The one thing everyone hated was commercial art; apparently they didn't hate that enough either," says Lichtenstein in the *Art News* interview.

Claes Oldenburg's works use bigness as a theme. His Pop sculptures of outsize hamburgers, French fries, typewriters, vacuum cleaners, and other articles of contemporary Americana are larger than life, so large in fact, that they overwhelm and dwarf the onlooker. This concern with size is not so much a fascination with bigness as it is a statement against





The paintings shown here are Warhol's most famous. At left are two silk screens of Marilyn Monroe and Elizabeth Taylor. Above, of course, are 300 of his renowned Campbell's cans.

it. Although the appliances and artifacts that Oldenburg sculpts are monumental in size, they are made of a combination of vinyl, kapok, cloth and plexiglass that give them a soft, semi-deflated appearance so that they can be molded and poked into an infinite number of distorted shapes and caricatures of them-

selves. As an article by Max Kozloff in the April 27, 1964 issue of *The Nation* points out, "Though of thoroughly huge dimensions, this art is anti-monumental, not only in its mockery of the American penchant for size, but because now, unlike his previous plasters, the air has been let out of these grandiose but pathetic concoctions. Or rather toys. For, if parents buy miniaturized versions of grown-up objects for their children, Oldenburg makes amplified effigies—superficially far less sophisticated—of those same objects for his spec-

tators." Thus, Oldenburg's overblown objects serve as a modern-day art version of the Ozymandias of Shelley's poem—so-called monuments to a so-called great culture now transformed into mockeries of themselves. When seen as a group at a gallery or exhibition, these giant renditions give one the impression of walking through some nightmarish, futuristic museum of 60s America.

There were other Pop artists on the scene at that time as well, notably Robert Rauschenberg, Robert Indiana and Jim Dine, to

name a few. But Warhol, Lichtenstein and Oldenburg were the best known of the genre and the most easily recognizable by the American public. Although, at the time, they shocked our sensibilities with their seeming glorification of the commercial aspects of American culture, little did we know that this was to be only the first shock wave of what was to come. By the end of the 60s what, with the cultural, social and political upheavals that characterized that decade, the Pop Art phenomenon seems quite innocuous in retrospect.

HANK WILLIAMS: COUNTRY TROUBADOUR

By Michael Carmack

Considered one of the greatest influences on country music, Williams is credited with bringing it out of the backwoods and onto pop music charts.

As soon as he got up to the mike, leaned over and yodeled, "I got a feelin' called the blue-oo-oo-oo-oo-ues! Since my baby said goodbye," he was on his way.

The audience went wild. Customarily, at the Grand Ole Opry, one encore meant something, but Williams was called back for six—an unprecedented response.

It was a night in 1949 when he stood for the first time on the Opry stage, and from that night on Hank Williams was headed rapidly and dizzily upward toward the heights of fame. But his life was to be tragically short. Only four years later, on New Years Day, 1953, his 17 year old chauffeur was to reach into the back seat to awaken the sleeping Williams and discover that the country troubadour was dead. For those four years his world was confusion—money, success and a deep sense of loneliness.

Hank Williams is still with us—at least in memory. Considered one of the greatest influences on country music, he is credited with revitalizing the field. He brought it out of the Southern backwoods and placed country on the pop charts. With the appearance of Jimmy Rodgers in the 20s, country had finally developed a cohesive image, but it was Williams who wrote songs in such a style as to influence, not only other country performers and writers, but also many popstars who re-recorded such songs as "I'm so lonesome I could cry" and sold them to a larger audience.

Hiram (Hank) Williams was born September 17, 1923 in a log cabin outside Georgiana, Alabama. His mother Lilly was a strong woman—devoted, concerned, but also domineering. When her son started playing hoedowns and barbecues, she would be the ticket seller and she made sure everyone



Perhaps it was his youth and his frail, nasal style that made him so appealing and popular on the country dance circuit.

paid—including relatives. His father Lon was ineffectual in family matters, and when not living in a veteran's hospital (where he resided for a number of years) he would occasionally come in contact with his son.

There is some confusion about Williams' early years and his first attempts at a music career but it appears that he received his first real music lesson from a black street singer named Tee-tot. A couple of times a week, Tee-tot would hitchhike or grab a ride on the L&N line heading for Georgiana or occasionally go on to Garland. If he didn't already have an engagement at a black dance or church affair, he'd walk the sidewalks in the near-by towns, trying to attract a few people and hopefully a few dimes.

Tee-tot attracted a following of young boys—one of whom was Williams, and when the Williams family moved to Greenville (a town frequented by Tee-tot) in 1935, young Hank became very friendly with the street singer. The older man helped the boy develop a blues style and put "soul" into his singing. In perspective and style, Williams was closer akin to Ray Charles than he was to the run-of-the-mill country singer of his day.

In 1937, the Williams' family moved again. This time to Montgomery where Hank thought he might try his luck on amateur night at the Empire Theater. With cowboy boots and cowboy hat and a Gibson sunburst guitar, Hank sang his own "WPA Blues." It was good enough to win him first prize and \$15.00 which he promptly spent on his friends, a trait he was to keep throughout his life.

Williams also auditioned for radio station WSFA where he got his own twice-weekly, 15 minute spot. He was billed as "The Singing Kid." By this time he was definitely set on a musical career, and people were taking notice of the lean, easy-going country boy.

Although the songs he wrote were still fairly amateurish, there was a feeling about them, and him, which was appealing. Perhaps it was his youth, and the frail, nasal song style he affected that made him so popular on the dance circuit. But whatever it was, his growing number of fans seemed to identify with him; a necessary

characteristic for a popular performer. Being a good old country boy from Georgiana was like having a hook to hang a hat on and to say that Hank Williams was from the backwoods was like saying to his fans, "he's one of us."

Soon Williams got together with some other performers and, calling themselves The Drifting Cowboys, they toured the backroads of Alabama. Hank knew, though, that fame and fortune wasn't likely to come in the cotton towns. The big time was the Grand Ole Opry in Nashville, Tennessee. But he had to take a couple more steps before

he was ready for the Opry. The first was to meet Audrey Shepherd, a woman who would influence his life even more than his mother had, and the second was to become a regular on Shreveport's "Louisiana Hayride."

Audrey and booze came into Hank's life about the same time. Both would, seemingly, have the same effect. Audrey was from Enon, 50 miles southeast of Montgomery. She had already been married and divorced and had a daughter, Lucrecia. They met and had a stormy courtship, and eventually married. She ended up



It was a black street singer named Tee-tot who gave Williams his first singing lessons. Tee-tot helped Williams develop a blues sound and put "soul" into his singing.

singing with the Drifting Cowboys, although vocally she didn't add much to the group.

Their life together was a constant quarrel; that and a painful back condition (caused by a fall from a horse) drove Hank to liquor and drugs. The constant traveling and singing in honkey-tonks didn't help to keep him away from the bottle either.

When he became a regular on the "Hayride," he rapidly made a name for himself, but at the same time he was acquiring a reputation as a heavy drinker. The latter was bad news for achieving his ambition to appear on the Opry stage, for although all the Opry stars performed during the week at dances where drinking was a fact of life (normally, a bottle was hidden under a car seat or back in the bushes somewhere for the thirsty in the audiences), during the Opry's weekend shows, even the word liquor on stage was taboo. The Opry was promoted as a wholesome, family-oriented show, and was sponsored by an insurance company which officially frowned on drinking.

Williams was becoming too popular for the Opry to ignore, especially with his recent hit of "Lovesick Blues" climbing the charts, so he was given a tryout to see if he could make it as a regular. (Hank had not written "Lovesick" but he did add his own special touch and turned it into the biggest selling country song of all time.) If the Opry could not ignore him before his first appearance on the Nashville stage, they certainly couldn't ignore him after.

The notices he received were not always flattering. Once asked why he wrote so many sad songs, Hank replied, "I guess I'm just a sadist." His words were duly reported. But being brought up in an environment which had not encouraged formal education, such remarks should not have been surprising. It was only the beginning of the laughter which was to be enjoyed at Williams' expense.

During the early 50s, he was selling like no one else. "Your Cheatin' Heart," "Hey Good Lookin'," "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry," "Cold, Cold Heart" and "Jambalaya" were only a few of the songs which reached the top of the charts. His personal appear-

ances were also sellouts and he became the hottest thing in show business.

In 1951 on the Hadoel Caravan (which was the name of a health potion—but actually a legal way for the potion's owner to sell liquor in the "dry" South), Williams was added to a star list which included Bob Hope, Milton Berle, Jack Benny, Jimmy Durante and former boxing champ Jack Dempsey. It was the type of roadshow rarely seen today.

In Louisville, Hope was to close the show with Williams preceding him. Williams ended his spot with "Lovesick Blues" which sent the audience wild—stomping their feet, screaming, jumping on their

stage to a full house which roared its approval. But during his decline as a star, many came just to see if he'd make it, or if he did, how drunk he'd be. It was more of a joke than an honor to buy a Hank Williams ticket.

He was also being heckled a lot on stage. A line he often used to put the heckler in his place was, "would some of you friends (pointing out into the audience in the direction of the heckler), get a shovel and try to cover that up?"

Once, when so drunk he fell off the stage, he staggered back up, and said to the laughing audience, "Don't give me any of that crap. I'm gonna finish this song." He was being mocked, but he didn't realize the extent of his ridicule.

Money was being spent faster than it came in. Shooting incidents, and falling asleep in hotel rooms with lit cigarettes were upsetting his managers. And finally, the Grand Ole Opry, which felt its image was being tarnished by the Alabama singer, dropped him.

The last years of his life weren't too pleasant. He went back to the "Hayride," and too much liquor and quarreling led to a divorce from Audrey. He remarried, but he kept on sinking deeper into tragedy.

He died on New Year's Day, 1953, and was buried in Montgomery where 25,000 people came to pay their last respects. Many, who laughed at him on stage when he was too drunk to walk, now came to weep. And, in fact, the highest point of his career was reached after his death. MGM rushed out one commemorative album after another and numerous singers recorded tribute albums to his memory. He was finally receiving the love and devotion he had wanted for all of the sad and lonely 29 years of his life.

He had left a lifetime of music behind, and although his style had been basically one of the traditional country singer, he was the first to cross over to the pop charts. His pure and earthy blues lyrics attracted many singers who substituted strings for a steel guitar, or added a drum beat where a fiddle originally fitted.

Ray Charles, Dean Martin and Tony Bennett were among the many who have recorded his songs, and his music lives on.



He finally received the love and devotion he had so wanted all his life.

chairs. When the MC tried to introduce Hope, he was drowned by the screams. Hope finally walked on stage. As the noise subsided, he said, "Hello folks, this is Hank Hope," which started the crowd again.

But tours wouldn't go so well for the country star after that. Bad bouts with the bottle and hangovers were becoming more frequent. Even on stage, it was a rarity to see him sober—and in some cases he didn't make it at all while others, including his protegee Ray Price, would fill in.

One time in Dallas, Williams did make it, but four hours late. It was 12:30 a.m. when, after being sobered for hours, he walked on

THE HEAP OF THE AUTOS

By Robert Crumb

In 1964, artist/writer Robert Crumb ("Fritz the Cat") penned these immortal line drawings and wrote this nostalgic ode to the American auto of the 50s.

As we stand on the threshold of "The Great Society," scaling new and dizzying levels of hipness and sophistication daily, let's not forget that we've only just come out of what has been dubbed, by the merciful, "The Post War Era." The blah tag fits. Though still a bit close to us for truly objective analysis, it's pretty generally agreed that those years pushed mediocrity as a way of life. It was "The Age of Bland Achievements," an era of complacency and indifference. All that was worthy, and there wasn't much, was ignored. Amorphous, inoffensive, uncon-

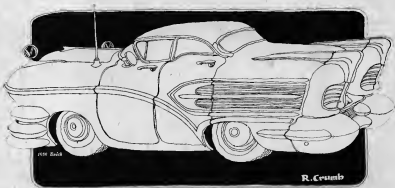
mitted physical and mental blob and glob were exalted.

It was a time of Ozzie Nelson, Loretta Young, The Mickey Mouse Club, Richard Nixon and Hawaiian shirts. It was an era that saw the birth of television as the tyrannical cyclops of the living room, prefab, look-alike housing developments, unlovely shopping centers, motivational research, the Cold War, back-yard barbecues, fall-out shelters and the aimless, useless overproduction of a billion plastic, disposable "things" that kept millions employed without knowing or caring where it would all

lead. Happiness was a new car.

And it was the time of the "heap." Nowhere, in any single object, is the noncommittal, directionless attitude of The Post War Era better expressed than in the fat, shapeless, chrome-plated pastry, the bulbous, bulky monster, which had become the American automobile. These hymns to clumsiness, the pathetic Nash-Ramblers and Desotos that now sit like resting mountains of awkward bathtubs in the junkyards of America, had become the ideals, the classics of the "Heap Years."

Bob Crumb, 1964



In 1946, America looked eagerly toward the future. We expected an age of supersonic living, an ultimate, streamlined, atomic-powered world of robot machines and sweeping silver skyways that curve between and around mile-high buildings in mechanized cities. Cars tried to look like jet planes. The teardrop shape Detroit called it.



1947 Studebaker



1954 Henry J.



1945 Hudson



1951 Nash



1947 Packard



1950 Buick



1947 Kaiser

Like aging women, distinct lines disappeared as cars put on more and more weight. Such classics as the Packard became bloated renditions of their former selves. Cheap, jello-mold patterns were used to stamp out new, shoddy models that lasted only a few years. Experiments in grillwork designs resulted in what Europeans called "The Dollar Grin."



1956 Pontiac



1956 Oldsmobile



1956 DeSoto

By the middle fifties, the front ends were beginning to find their place in the average man's life as a symbol of power and freedom, a means of escape. Cars began to look tough, mean, hellbent. Horsepower was the magic word, and cars started sporting fancy names like "Fury," "Torquet," "Golden Hawk," "Thunderbird," "Firebird," "Thundercloud," etc.



1956 Dodge



1957 Cadillac

During Eisenhower's last term in office, the heap reached its peak. Detroit went hog-wild and produced an array of monstrosities the like of which had never been seen.

Like the tailfin, for instance. Starting as a minor detail on the Cadillac, it soon evolved into the huge, metal points of science-fiction, space-ship fame, with all manner of non-working firing rockets and ray guns attached.

To make this journey back to Buck Rogers even more complete, cars were liberally frosted and sprinkled with chrome strips and ornamental gadgets of no consequence.

The heap had reached its limit. Detroit had gone too far and Americans were tired of it. The country was beginning to move in a new direction and the heap was fast becoming a thing of the past—a monument to ugliness, a mastodon that no longer belonged.



1959 Cadillac



1958 Oldsmobile



1959 Impala



1958 Mercury



1958 Plymouth

One last, desperate fling was made to keep the heap alive, but it was a total disaster, a miserable failure. Nobody was buying heaps anymore. Suddenly, there were all these funny little European cars all over the place, and Detroit saw the light. The "compact" was born. Then came the Ameri-

can sportscar. And now, we've come full cycle, and the big, powerful classic commands the market again.

The heap is dead. They just don't make cars like that anymore, thank whatever-it-is that guides the hand of Detroit and dictates public taste.



THE SULTRY SIRENS

By Bette Martin

Their real lives were as tragic as their movie lives were dramatic, and with few exceptions—Swanson, being one—they turned victory into defeat.



Theda Bara

Bara, Hollywood's first vamp, on screen was the world's most evil woman. She started out as a stage actress and in 1914 won the lead in *A Fool There Was*. Thanks to the publicity about her—they said she was the daughter of an Arabian princess, born in the shadow of the Sphinx, and weaned on serpents' blood—she was a hit. In all her films she was portrayed as wicked; an unfaithful wife in *The Clemenceau*; a vengeful vampire in *The Devil's Daughter* and a murderess in *Lady Audley's Secret*. When Fox decided to change her image in *Kathleen Mavourneen* her career was over. She died of cancer in 1955 at the age of 65.



Gloria Swanson

Swanson never wanted to be an actress. She was happy being a sales clerk until an aunt took her to visit a film studio. Immediately she was given bit

parts and before long Chaplin wanted her as his leading lady. She turned him down because she wanted to be a dramatic actress, but five years later she realized he was right—comedy was her forte. In 1926, at the age of 28 she was Paramount's highest

paid star. *Why Change Your Wife?*, *Male and Female*, *Don't Change Your Husband* and *Sensat Boulevard* are among her greatest films. She was wed to Wallace Beery for three years, next to a Marquis and also reputedly involved with Joseph Kennedy.



Mae Murray

"You live in a world of your own," a doctor once told Murray and he was tragically accurate. Taken with being a star, her eccentricities shocked everyone. She would not act unless mood music was played on the set and she paid for her jewelry with bags of gold dust! Her best known films are *Fascination*, *Valencia*, *The French Doll* and *The Merry Widow*. When Hollywood tired of her she went back to doing Broadway musicals. Always dreaming of a comeback, she traveled back and forth between New York and Hollywood by bus. Once she got lost at a stopover and was found wandering the streets of Kansas City. Several days later she died.



Vilma Banky

Another foreign import, Banky was discovered by Samuel Goldwyn himself. While visiting Hungary he saw her in a local theatre and knew she would be the perfect vamp to play opposite Valentino. His hunch was right. She made *The Eagle* with him in 1926 and fans were overjoyed at the magic between these two sensual stars. When Valentino died Goldwyn cast Banky opposite his favorite new male star, Ronald Coleman. *The Magic Flame* proved Goldwyn to be right again. Coleman and Banky were the screen's newest duo. Vilma was making \$5000 a week by the time talkies came in. Her career came to an end when a weight problem got out of hand.

Harlow was an ash-blonde bit player in early comedy shorts, but when Howard Hughes picked her for *Hell's Angels*, she became a star.

Jean Harlow

"I have no enemies because I have only friends" Jean once told a reporter. It was pure publicity and the exact opposite of the truth. Almost everyone around her—her studio, her parents, and even her husbands—exploited her and contributed to her early death at the age of 26. Although sent to the best boarding schools, her childhood was lonely. Her mother was too immature to give her the love she needed, so at the age of 16 Jean eloped. The marriage was soon ended and Jean moved to Los Angeles. There Jean worked as an extra because it seemed the simplest way to make some

money. An agent visiting the Laurel and Hardy set one day asked her if she would like to star in Howard Hughes' *Hell's Angels*. "Sure," said Jean. Overnight she became the sex symbol of America.

Hughes agreed to sell Jean's contract to MGM in 1932 and Jean was given the opportunity to show what talent she had. In movies such as *Red Dust*, *Hold Your Mah*, *Bombshell*, *Goddie* and *Reckless*,

Jean established herself as the unscrupulous vamp with the fantastic sense of humor. Off screen Jean's life was no laughing matter. Her second marriage to Paul Bern ended, after a month, in tragedy and scandal. He killed himself, popular belief has it, because he had problems with impotence which he thought his marriage to Harlow could solve but didn't. A third marriage to a cameraman also ended in divorce. Financially Jean was always in debt because of her parents' extravagant tastes. Jean's health was bad and she ignored doctors' warnings. Her life took a turn for the better when she met William Powell. They were to be married but she died in 1937 before the marriage was performed.





Pola Negri

The first of Hollywood's European imports, Negri claimed to be a real gypsy whose father was exiled in Siberia. She first studied ballet in Warsaw and then made films. Max Reinhardt brought her to Berlin with him and made Pola one of Germany's top stars. Ernst Lubitsch, her discovery, directed her in *Cypriote Blood*, *Carmen*, *Passion* among others. Paramount brought her to America in 1923 when she was 29. The American public didn't like her. It was true that she was not given the best scripts nor the directors she requested. Her films did badly and she returned to Europe in 1928. Her private life was full of scandal—she was romantically linked to Counts, Princes, Valentino, and Adolf Hitler.



Clara Bow

She was the screen's first blatant sex symbol—an openly flirtatious girl who didn't care who knew she wanted "it." Bow hit Hollywood in 1925 and worked harder than any other actress—making 14 films a year. Some of her best were *Daring Years*, *Kiss Me Again* and *Dangerous Curves*. In 1929 she was the top female star and then scandal entered her life. She was linked to a married man, and slandered by her secretary who told of Bow's involvement with drugs, alcohol and gigolos. She suffered a nervous breakdown and after making several futile attempts at a comeback, retired with her husband Rex Bell. In 1965 she died.



JOHNNY WEISSMULLER: KING OF THE JUNGLE

By Ron Haydock

One afternoon at the Kowloon, a fine Cantonese restaurant in Beverly Hills, Johnny Weissmuller leaned back at the bar, raised open hands to either side of his mouth and then belted the world famous Tarzan cry at full voice.

The ape call sounded loud and clear throughout the restaurant

and needless to say, taken by surprise as they were that afternoon, the patrons on hand were immediately frozen with terror—until the maitre d' calmed everybody down by saying there was nothing to worry about, it was only Tarzan.

Weissmuller hadn't meant to scare anybody, though. We had

been talking about the many Tarzan films he had made and to disprove the stories that Tarzan's yell was some kind of wild animal growl played backwards on the soundtracks, Weissmuller was simply demonstrating on the spot that such stories were only so much nonsense.

Shrugging his broad shoulders



Different Chetas were used in the filming: one for the close-ups and others for swinging on vines.

and settling back at the bar again, Weissmuller took up his drink and said, "MCM was having trouble coming up with a believable Tarzan cry. They couldn't figure it out. They asked me what I could do, and I remembered an Austrian mountaineer's yodel my father had taught me when I was a kid. I tried the yodel and it worked for the soundmen. When they used it in the movie, they sped it up and played it backwards three times the normal speed. But it was my yodel anyway."

Weissmuller said he felt flattered that the producers of new Tarzan films still used his ape call in their movies. Ron Ely, Jock Mahoney or Mike Henry might be wearing the loincloth in the film, but when they reared back to shake the jungle with an ape call, it was Weissmuller's yodel that was actually doing all the shaking.

"I had a pretty good time making those Tarzan films," Weissmuller went on. "I only made one or so a year and the rest of the time I had free. We made the



pictures in about six weeks in the beginning, then maybe three or four weeks when I went to RKO with Tarzan, but it was easy work. I liked to swim and most of the

time I was in the water anyway. They never gave me much dialogue to remember."

The most difficult part of making the Tarzan films, Weiss-

"The trouble with the new Tarzan movies is they've been getting actors to play Tarzan...athletes do all the Tarzan things a lot better."

muller said, was working with the animals.

"The elephants didn't really like anybody getting up on their backs," he said. "But whenever I had to shoot a scene with an elephant, first I'd spend some time with him and make friends with him. The director wanted to keep working of course, but I knew it was important to spend the time and make friends with the elephant. We always got along then."

Weismuller then talked about Cheeta, Tarzan's pet monkey.

"We used different Cheetas," he explained. "We had one Cheeta for close-ups and who was trained to sit at a table and eat with me. We used other Cheetas for things like running through the jungle and swinging on the vines. Sometimes Cheeta would get angry though. She didn't like working under all those hot lights for very long. If we couldn't change an angry Cheeta for another one, we'd have to wait until the monkey got quiet."

Weismuller said that he himself had selected Johnny Sheffield to play Boy in Tarzan Finds A Son (1939), the movie in which Boy is first introduced to the screen.

"They told me in the next picture Tarzan was going to have a son and they held an audition for the part," he said. "They asked me to look all the boys over and tell them which boy I thought would be best. When I saw this cute, little Johnny Sheffield in the group, I knew he was the one. I knew we could work together. But I found out he couldn't swim. But MCM didn't know that. They'd never have used him if they knew that. They wanted to start shooting the picture right away. So I told Johnny not to say anything. I told him on the side. I'd teach him how to swim, but don't tell anybody. So I told the studio he was the boy I wanted in the movie and after they signed him, I taught him how to swim and nobody ever knew about it."

Weismuller said he still sees Johnny Sheffield every so often. Now grown up, Sheffield is operating a real estate business in

Santa Monica. But Weismuller hasn't seen either Maureen O'Sullivan or Brenda Joyce, both of whom played Jane in his films, in a long time.

"The trouble with the new Tarzan movies," he said, "is they've been getting actors to play Tarzan. People like Buster Crabbe and I are athletes. The producers should hire athletes to play Tarzan. Athletes can run and swim and do all the Tarzan things a lot better. They look more believable as Tarzan."

The most popular and famous Tarzan who ever was, Weismuller said he'd been approached many times by producers who wanted to film his life story. But he's always turned them down.

"They don't want to make the story I want them to make," he said. "They only want to make a movie about my Tarzan and Jungle Jim movies and my divorces. Especially my divorces. But that isn't what I want. I want them to tell everybody, especially the kids, how swimming changed my life. I wanted to grow up and be a part of Al Capone's gang in Chicago. But sports changed all that. Sports saved my life. But when I tell them that, they only say no, they're not interested in making a movie like that."

Maureen O'Sullivan was the first Jane.

Johnny Weismuller straightened his broad shoulders stubbornly. "Well, I'm not interested in their kind of movie either," he said flatly.

Metro-Coldwyn-Mayer signed Johnny Weismuller in 1931 to play Tarzan in Edgar Rice Burroughs' *Tarzan, The Ape Man*, co-starring Maureen O'Sullivan as Jane, as a





Weismuller, the most famous of all the Tarzans, played the role for 17 years from 1931 to 1948. Maureen O'Sullivan dropped out of the series in 1942 when Tarzan went to RKO.

result of an MGM talent scout having seen Weismuller one day at a Los Angeles health club. At the time, Weismuller was enjoying success as an Olympic swimming champion and modelling new swimsuits for the famous BVD Company. The talent scout told him that W.S. Van Dyke, the director, was getting ready to make a Tarzan movie at MGM and was casting for the part. The scout said he thought Weismuller would be perfect in the role.

"Van Dyke hired me right away," Weismuller said. "MGM had some difficulties with the BVD Company because I was working for them, but they straightened it out and I played Tarzan. But some time later, I asked Van Dyke why he hired me almost the minute I came into his office when he'd been trying out others and making them do all sorts of tests. He said that when I walked into his office I had the dumbest look on my face and

that was what he was looking for. Of course I went through picture taking and testing, but that was later. I still have the loincloth I wore. It's leather."

Weismuller grinned. "I guess I did look pretty dumb that day. Movies were something new to me and I didn't know much about them. And there I was at MGM, the big studio. I was kind of scared. I didn't know what to say or how to act."

The world wide success of *Tarzan, The Ape Man* led to the making of a sequel, *Tarzan and His Mate*, in 1934. A real slam bangup jungle thriller complete with rampaging elephants, hordes of apes, man-eating lions and gruesome encounters with savage barbarian tribes, *Tarzan and His Mate* scored highly and prompted the studio to schedule even more Tarzan films with Weismuller and O'Sullivan: *Tarzan Escapes* (1936), *Tarzan Finds A Son* (1939) intro-

ducing Johnny Sheffield as Boy, *Tarzan's Secret Treasure* (1941) and *Tarzan's New York Adventure* (1942). After that, both MGM and Maureen O'Sullivan dropped out of the series and Weismuller and Sheffield swang over to RKO to continue as Tarzan and Boy in a brand new series of films produced by Sol Lesser, who had previously filmed *Tarzan The Fearless* (1933) with Buster Crabbe, and *Tarzan's Revenge* (1937) with Glenn Morris. Like Weismuller and Crabbe, Morris was also an Olympic star.

"A lot of critics said I couldn't act," Weismuller recalled. "Audiences never cared though. They just liked to see Tarzan in the jungle with his animals swinging through the trees and swimming and running. Besides, I never claimed to be an actor. I'm an athlete."

It was a swimming instructor at a Chicago park who first got Weismuller interested in sports and

"A lot of critics said I couldn't act. Audiences never cared though. They just liked to see Tarzan in the jungle with his animals."



swimming. A skinny, gangling youth, Weissmuller's aspiration at the time was to join the Al Capone mob for fast money and women. He never cared that much for sports. But the instructor saw him swimming in the park's indoor pool one afternoon and told him he had a lot of potential. The instructor also told Weissmuller he shouldn't try getting in with the gangsters who had such a foothold in Chicago. If he wanted action, he advised, there was nothing like sports. So Weissmuller gave it a try.

While Capone's mobsters were busy gunning themselves down on Chicago streets, Weissmuller worked at swimming and ultimately became one of the greatest swimmers of all time, winning medals everywhere and even medals in the Olympics. Some of his swim records still haven't been broken.

Weissmuller couldn't have been happier about the way it all worked out.

"Sports saved my life," he said flatly. "They kept me from going into a life of crime."

Continuing as Tarzan for Sol Lesser at RKO, Weissmuller starred in six more Tarzan films, including *Tarzan Triumphs* (1943), *Tarzan's Desert Mystery* (1943), *Tarzan and The Amazons* (1945), *Tarzan and The Leopard Woman* (1946), *Tarzan and The Huntress* (1947) and *Tarzan and The Mermaids* (1948). Johnny Sheffield was Boy in all but the last film; by that time he had outgrown the part. Jane herself was absent from the first two films but then returned to Tarzan's jungles after a lengthy visit to her home country, England. Brenda Joyce starred as the new Jane in *Tarzan and The Amazons*, which saw Weissmuller and Sheffield travelling to Randini, a jungle port village, to meet her.

After *Tarzan and The Mermaids* in 1948, Sol Lesser wanted Weiss-
(Continued on page 73)



JUDY GARLAND: ONE FOR THE SEESAW

By Walter H. Hogan

"As for my feelings toward 'Over the Rainbow,' it's become a part of my life. I'm sure people sometimes get tears in their eyes when they hear it."

The prosaic name of Esther Blodgett was changed by the Hollywood studio in *A Star Is Born* to the brighter sounding Vicki Lester, which would look good on a marquee. But the real Frances Gumm got her new name because of a misspelling on the marquee of the Oriental Theater in Chicago. The billing read: "The Glum Sisters."

George Jessel, headliner of that 1931 vaudeville bill, had the management correct the spelling to "The Gumm sisters, but didn't consider it that much of an improvement. So he suggested they keep the "G" of their name but change it to Garland after his close friend, Robert Garland, then drama critic of the *New York World-Telegram*. Then later the youngest sister (age

10) of the trio thought the title of Hoagy Carmichael's then popular song was "peppy" and changed her name from Frances to Judy.

And it was Judy Garland and her sisters who, after being turned down at Universal, went to MGM to audition. Producer Arthur Freed recalled that "Judy's mother played piano, and she played pretty bad piano. I heard them sing two or three songs, and I finally said let me hear the little girl sing alone."

Judy sang "Zing Went the Strings of My Heart." Freed said she was a "natural." Roger Edens, specialist in musical numbers at MGM, said, "I knew instantly, in eight bars of music. The talent was that inbred. It was like discovering gold at Sutter's Creek."

Louis B. Mayer, head of the studio, was summoned to hear the plump, pretty, 13 year old Judy sing. And he agreed. "He promptly signed her," wrote Joe Morella and Edward Epstein in *Judy*, "to a contract, without making her take a screen or sound test—the only time in the history of MGM that a player was signed without a test. When Mayer signed Judy to a contract, he did so without having a particular role in mind for her."

"Within less than five years, little Judy Garland would be firmly established as one of the

COMMENTS BY GARLAND

"I was born at the age of 12 on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. I missed the gentle maturing most girls have."

"If you want fame, you have to pay for it. And I have. Even from my earliest days at MGM, when I was a child star with the great Mickey Rooney... There were good times, too. Mickey and I clung together like two on a lonely island. I guess that's when I learned to laugh at myself. It's the fun that gets you through the heartache and tears and misery."

"I've had mass love, and that's pretty good, I guess. But not individual love, which is so much better."

"Whenever I'm on stage I have a love affair with my audience. I always have."

"All these years, without my audiences, I'd been nothing. I always felt that if I pleased them, it was my justification and my happiness. But it's changed for me now. Professional happiness doesn't last through the night. You can't take it home with you after the curtain rings down. It doesn't protect you from the terror of a lonely hotel room. And in a way, it destroys your soul to feed off applause. I know, I've tried to draw strength and security from it. But in the middle of the night, applause becomes an empty echo and you think, God, how am I going to make it until morning?"

Judy in 1946's Meet Me In St. Louis, which is listed as one of Variety's all-time boxoffice champions.





*Clockwise from left: The Wicked Witch of the West (Margaret Hamilton) spies on Dorothy (Judy) and the Scarecrow (Ray Bolger) who are on the yellow brick road in *The Wizard of Oz* (1939). The Tin Man (Jack Haley) with Dorothy and the Scarecrow. The four happy pilgrims dance through the poppies, including Bert Lehr as the Cowardly Lion. Opposite page, the four meet with a suspicious guard at the gates of the Emerald City.*



For her performance in *The Wizard of Oz* Hollywood awarded Judy a special miniature Oscar and also invited her to do the cement bit at Grauman's.

biggest box-office draws in motion pictures, and one of MGM's all-time moneymakers."

But that first contract, in 1935, was for \$150 a week, and for that Mayer acquired for his studio what Jules Styne, composer, called "one of the great singing talents of all time."

"Hers was an extraordinary talent," wrote John Kobal in *50 Super Stars*, "in fact, her problem was that she became almost physically overwhelmed by these natural endowments. The sparkle, comedy and freshness noticeable in her early parts were later transformed into the finest musical comedy talent Hollywood ever knew, and in her later years she became a formidable dramatic actress."

But in the beginning, MGM

didn't quite know what to do with Judy, so she rehearsed two hours a day, six days a week with Roger Edens: "Never on scales," he said, "just singing and working on the arrangements that I wrote for her." Judy once said, "I never did learn to read music, but I had a true ear."

She was 14 before she got on film, and then she was belting "swing" while Deanna Durbin sang "Classical" in a two-reel short subject called "Every Sunday." Then the studio dropped the options of both girls, but Arthur Freed intervened and saw that MGM kept Judy, whose first full-length picture, in 1936, was on loan-out to 20th Century-Fox. The film was *Pyskin Parade*, and the *New York Times* review said: "Also in the newcomer category is Judy Garland, about whom the West

Coast has been enthusing as a vocal find. She's cute, not too pretty, but a pleasingly fetching personality, who certainly knows how to sell a pop." That picture "was the first and last time," wrote James Juncos in his book *Judy Garland*, "Metro permitted Judy Garland to stray off the lot while under contract to them."

Back on her home lot Judy performed at a studio party to celebrate Clark Gable's 36th birthday (Feb. 1, 1937). With special material Roger Edens had written for the number, she sang "You Made Me Love You" to the actor who was moved by the emotion Judy projected. He later sent her a gold bracelet on which was engraved: "To My Girl Friend, Judy Garland, from Clark Gable." And the studio thought so well of



For Clark Gable's 36th birthday, Judy sang: "Dear Mr. Gable, You Made Me Love You," by Roger Edens.

the number it inserted "Dear Mr. Gable" into one of its 30s' musical catch-all series, *The Broadway Melody* of 1938. Judy's Decca record of the song, a great success, brought her her first national recognition. But the great fame to come was two years away.

Also in '37 she appeared in *Thoroughbreds Don't Cry*, the first picture she made with the partner she called "the great Mickey Rooney." The following year Mayer put her in Mickey's famous Hardy series as Betsy Booth in *Love Finds Andy Hardy*. In '38 she was billed after Allan Jones but before Fannie Brice in *Everybody Sings*. She was billed between Freddie Bartholomew and Mary Astor in

Listen, Darling, in which Judy sang her audition song, "Zing Went the Strings of My Heart." In her *A Life on Film* Mary Astor said that "working with Judy was a sheer joy. She was young and vital and got the giggles regularly. You just couldn't get annoyed, because she couldn't help it—it was no act. Something would strike her funny, and her face would get red and 'There goes Judy!' would be the cry. And we just had to wait until she got over it. She was a kid, a real kid. It didn't take long for her to get over that."

Then came the movie and song that catapulted Judy to international fame, yet she was almost done out of both. Though Producers Arthur Freed and Mervyn LeRoy wanted Judy to play Dorothy in *The Wizard of Oz*, the MGM money men felt they should play it safe, so they sought to borrow Shirley Temple (then 10) for the role. When negotiations stalled, they agreed to Judy. "That they didn't have much confidence in this choice," wrote Juneau, "is suggested by the steps taken by Jack Dawn's makeup department, which worked her over so much that Judy Garland was nearly obliterated with a blonde wig, a remodeled nose and caps on her teeth." [Doesn't this sound like what happened to Esther Blodgett in *A Star Is Born*?] "The inadvisability of this refurbishing was recognized after three weeks of shooting. Production was halted, and it was decided to take Judy Garland as she was." To the delight of the audiences in '39 and every showing since! This delightful, impeccably cast, from sepia-Kansas to Technicolor-Oz film has constantly enchanted moviegoers and TV viewers since its premiere at New York's Capitol Theater on August 17, 1939. And then there's the song that became Judy's trademark, Harold Arlen's and "Yip" Harburg's "Over the Rainbow." But after an early preview, the song was cut from the film. Then Freed had it put back in before the picture was released. And the song became hers forever.

"As for my feelings toward 'Over the Rainbow,' it's become part of my life," Judy once wrote to Arlen. "It is so symbolic of all my dreams and wishes that I'm sure that's why people sometimes get tears in their

COMMENTS ON GARLAND

"Judy Garland was that most lovable of American phenomena, the glamorous Hollywood personality with the built-in destruct mechanism."

—Vincent Canby

"A Garland audience doesn't just listen. It feels. It wants to put its arms around her."

—Spencer Tracy

"I've made 105 pictures, only four of them with Judy. But I never ceased to wonder how God had given so much talent to one little person!"

—Joe Pasternak

"Whenever I see her before an audience now, coming on with the authority of a great star and really taking hold of an audience, I know that every single heartbreak she had when she was a little girl, every number that was taken away, every disappointment, went into the making of this authority. But that, of course, is the way to learn theater."

—Noel Coward

"In Hollywood, Judy was a commodity. She was there for exploitation. When they saw they had a moneymaker, they used her to the hilt—mercilessly and inhumanly, with no conception of the psychological treatment of a human being."

—E. Y. Harburg

"She was good in every sense of the word. Respectful of her elders and fellow performers, never precocious. A natural musician. She could 'turn' a song like a good writer can turn a phrase. Her acting instincts were impeccable. Yet she was sweet and simple. We adored her."

—Ray Bolger

"She was the most sympathetic, the funniest, the sharpest, and the most stimulating woman I ever knew."

—James Mason

"I wish you could mention the joy she had for life. That's what she gave me. If she was the tragic figure they said she was, I would be a wreck, wouldn't I?"

"It was her love of life that carried her through everything. The middle of the road was never for her. It bored her. She wanted the pinnacle of excitement. If she was happy, she wasn't just happy. She was ecstatic. And when she was sad, she was sadder than anybody. . . . She was a great star and a great talent, and for the rest of my life I will be proud to be Judy Garland's daughter."

—Liza Minnelli

eyes when they hear it."

Writing of her historic performances at New York's Palace Theatre in '51, Mel Tormé said in *The Other Side of the Rainbow*: "And the final pin-dropping moments when she sat, in the tramp costume on the edge of the stage, legs dangling over, lighted only by a single spotlight, and sang 'Over the Rainbow' was for me, and everyone else, one of the few really great pieces of theater we

would ever see."

"In England, after a command performance," wrote Mickey Deans (Judy's fifth husband) and Ann MacIntosh in *Woe No More, My Lady*, "the queen mother told Judy that she felt her throat tighten whenever she heard 'Over the Rainbow.'"

"Ma'am," Judy replied, "that song has plagued me all my life. You know, it's hard to be remembered by a song you first sang

Judy and Mickey Rooney had starred in so many films together that, by 1940, the Judy-Mickey team had begun to take on the aura of a national resource.

thirty years ago. It's like being a grandmother in pigtails."

Yet when the TV staff suggested a funny bit built around the song for the first show of her 1963 series, Judy would have none of it and said so sternly. "There will be no jokes of any kind about 'Over the Rainbow.' It's kind of... sacred. I don't want anybody anywhere to lose the thing they have about Dorothy or that song!"

For her performance as Dorothy, Hollywood awarded Judy a special miniature Oscar, presented to her by Rooney. She was also invited to do the cement bit at Grauman's Chinese Theatre.

Then came three pictures in a row with Mickey as co-star: *Babes in Arms*, *Andy Hardy Meets Debutante*, and *Strike Up the Band*. In 1940, the Mickey-Judy team had the aura of a national resource. In all, they made eight films together. In *Little Nelly Kelly* Judy began to show she could handle adult as well as juvenile roles—and played two parts, mother and daughter.

In 1941's *Ziegfeld Girl* Judy was billed after James Stewart but before Heddy Lamarr and Lana Turner. 1942's *For Me and My Gal* marked the first time Judy was the only star billed above the title.

In 1944 Judy didn't want to make *Meet Me In St. Louis*, but Freed persuaded her to do it and after the preview she told the producer, "Arthur, remind me not to tell you what kind of pictures to make." The role of Esther Smith became one of Judy's favorites, and some of the songs—"The Trolley Song," "The Boy Next Door"—became Garland trademark tunes. And the picture was the biggest grosser MCM had up to that time, topped only by *Come With the Wind*. Oh, two other important things: she was now making \$5,000 a week. And that picture was directed by Vincente Minnelli, who also directed her and Robert



Judy with her favorite co-star Mickey Rooney in *Girl Crazy* (1943). Stephen McNelly & Angela Lambrum and Judy in *The Harvey Girls* (1946).



Judy in her "Get Happy" number from *Summer Stock*, her last film for MGM.

Walker in her dramatic hit of '45, *The Clock*. On June 15, a week after her divorce from David Rose became final, Judy married Minnelli. A year later Liza was born.

Hit followed hit now. In '46 there came "*The Harvey Girls*" and the song, "On the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe," then *Ziegfeld Follies*, and *Newsweek* said, "In 'A Great Lady Has an Interview,' Judy Garland, with six leading men, displays an unexpected flair for occupational satire." Two of the brightest spots in *Till the Clouds Roll By* were her scenes as Marilyn Miller doing "Look for the Silver Lining" and "Who" (directed by Minnelli). He also directed her next film with

Cene Kelly, *The Pirate*, which Freed said was twenty years ahead of its time. Her next film, in '48 was one of her biggest successes, *Easter Parade*, in which she got top billing over Fred Astaire. Said Freed: "The only reason Irving Berlin let me buy the picture was because he wanted to do a picture with Judy."

MGM wanted to re-team her with Astaire but Judy was now not in good health so Ginger Rogers was his partner in *The Barkleys of Broadway*. All the pills that Mayer and her mother had fed Judy were beginning to take their toll. From the beginning they'd wanted the plump child thin (Judy was just five feet tall), so there was little food and lots of diet pills, sleeping

pills, pep pills, uppers, downers; and nervous exhaustion.

When they were making *Words and Music* in 1948, Torne and Rooney were waiting on the set for Judy so they could film the "Wish I Were in Love Again" number. Said Mickey: "Pal, if she isn't here, there's a damn good reason for it. And when she shows—and she'll show, believe me—she'll jump right in and be the best frigging thing in the picture!"

At 3 p.m. on the third day of the wait, Judy showed. And proved Mickey right. Later, Mickey said, "Judy has the uncanny ability to get in there and 'pull it off.' When we made *Babes in Arms* and *Strike Up the Band*, she winged some of the numbers without a hell of a lot of rehearsal, and they worked out just great."

MGM bought the Broadway hit, *Annie Get Your Gun*, for Judy, who insisted Busby Berkeley be replaced as director. She walked out on the film till the studio agreed. She pre-recorded her songs, but, ill, couldn't keep up with the production schedule. The studio suspended her, sent her to a clinic, and from Paramount borrowed Betty Hutton for Annie.

After three months, Judy came back to work in *Summer Stock*. During the six months it took to make the musical, her weight fluctuated considerably. When they filmed the added-on "Get Happy" number two months after the picture was finished, Judy had lost between fifteen and twenty pounds. The picture was a success. Producer Foster said that the audience "didn't care what she looked like. They loved her. I don't think any actress was as loved by the American public as Judy."

It was her last picture at MGM. When her illness caused delays on *Royal Wedding*, the studio suspended her and brought in Jane Powell to co-star with Astaire. The dependent Judy broke a glass and tried to slash her throat. The adverse publicity was the last straw for MGM, which released her.

Years later Deans asked her how she happened to leave MGM and wrote of her response: "She looked at me, her enormous eyes reflecting a wicked gleam. Leo the Lion bit me."

In the last 19 years of her life, during which she was making

At her funeral in New York, in a tribute unequaled since the time of Rudolph Valentino, more than 22,000 people came to pay their respects.

theatrical history and headlines (some pro, some con) in London, New York, Australia, Judy made only six films, but in two of them she earned Academy Award nominations.

The first was for her performance in *A Star Is Born*, produced by her third husband, Sid Luft, who had set up and encouraged her vaudeville engagements. In *The Celluloid Muse*, Director George Cukor said, "James Mason's performance as Norman Maine was terrifically good, very moving, but I don't think it was the equal of Garland's. I thought she was absolutely staggering."

In its Sept. 13, 1954 issue, *Life* said: "A Star Is Born, the year's most worrisome movie, has turned out to be one of the best." Warner's budget was \$2.5 million. "But it was stretched out agonizingly by perfectionist Judy's insistence on endless retakes, her demands for new musical numbers, her fiery temperament, her boundless energy. Star took 10 months and a staggering \$6 million to make. The result, however, a brilliantly staged, scored, and photographed film, was worth all the effort." *Life* also said Judy "puts herself right in line for an Oscar." It went that year to Grace Kelly for *The Country Girl*.

Because of cuts the studio made after the film's initial release, Cukor said the picture was "totally fragmented. I think it accounts for why Judy Garland didn't win an Oscar."

In 1961 Judy was nominated as Best Supporting Actress for her brief but stunning appearance in *Judgment at Nuremberg*. The award went to Rita Moreno for *West Side Story*.

The next year Judy provided the voice for Mewette in *Guy Raverre*. In 1963 she made her last two films. Of *A Child Is Waiting*, *Time* said: "The film is bone honest and at moments mortally moving. Garland is good." During the filming of *I Could Go On Singing*, Judy fought a bitter court battle with Sid Luft over the custody of their children, Lorna and Joey. In her New York *Herald Tribune*



Judy doing "The Man That Got Away" from *A Star Is Born* (1954).

FILMS OF JUDY GARLAND

1936: *Every Sunday, Pigskin Parade*

1937: *Broadway Melody of 1938, Thoroughbreds Don't Cry*

1938: *Everybody Sing, Listen Darling, Love Finds Andy Hardy*

1939: *The Wizard of Oz, Babes in Arms*

1940: *Andy Hardy Meets Debutante, Strike Up the Band, Little Nellie Kelly*

1941: *Ziegfeld Girl, Life Begins for Andy Hardy, Babes on Broadway*

1942: *For Me and My Gal*

1943: *Presenting Lily Mars, Girl Crazy, Thousands Cheer*

1944: *Meet Me in St. Louis*

1945: *The Clock*

1946: *The Harvey Girls, Ziegfeld Follies, Till the Clouds Roll By*

1948: *The Pirate, Easter Parade, Words and Music*

1949: *In the Good Old Summer-time*

1950: *A Star Is Born*

1950: *Prep*

1961: *Judgment at Nuremberg*

1962: *Guy Raverre*

1963: *A Child Is Waiting, I Could Go On Singing*

review, Judith Crist said: "Either you are or you aren't—a Judy Garland fan, that is. And if you aren't, forget about her new movie, *I Could Go On Singing*, and leave the discussion to us devotees. . . Miss Garland is—as always—real, the voice throbbing, the eye aglow, the delicate features yielding to the demands of the years—the legs still long and lovely. Certainly the role of a top-rank singer beset by the loneliness and emotional hungers of her personal life is not an alien one to her. . ."

"On June 22, 1969, at the age of

47, Judy Garland died at her home in London. (Scotland Yard ruled out suicide and foul play; final decision: "Accidental death due to an incautious dose of barbiturates.") At her funeral in New York, in a tribute unequaled since the time of Rudolph Valentino, more than 22,000 people came to pay their last respects to Judy," wrote Morella and Epstein. "They proved that her tremendous following came from every age and walk of life."

Said *Variety*: "Even in the end, Judy Garland made show business history."



JOHNNY WEISSMULLER

(Continued from page 63)

muller to make more Tarzan films but Weissmuller balked at signing a new contract with the producer. He wanted a better deal. Television was coming up strong and he knew many studios were already selling their films to the new wonder medium. Instead of simply being paid outright for his work as Tarzan, Weissmuller wanted a percentage of the films. He thought it was only fair. After all, studios had been making so much money from his Tarzan movies ever since 1932 and he wasn't getting any younger. Besides, Sam Katzman, another producer, was waving a choice contract that included percentage if Weissmuller would come over to Columbia Pictures and star in a series of jungle action films based on Alex Raymond's *Jungle Jim* comic strip.

Weissmuller talked a new contract over with Lesser, but it was Lesser's turn to balk now. The producer didn't want to give Weissmuller a percentage of the new films and said his company could continue making Tarzan films very well without Weissmuller. The name Tarzan is what sold the films, Lesser said, not the name of Johnny Weissmuller. Still, Weissmuller remained firm about his position and shortly thereafter Lesser signed Lex Barker as the new movie Tarzan while Weissmuller went to Sam Katzman and Columbia to begin the new series of *Jungle Jim* movies.

"I remember reading in newspapers that I wasn't going to make any more Tarzan films because I had put on too much weight," Weissmuller said that afternoon at the Kowloon. "But that wasn't it. I had put on weight but it didn't matter to Lesser, I quit the Tarzan movies myself. Because I couldn't get a good contract. Lesser wanted me to stay and make a lot more Tarzan movies."

For Sam Katzman, Johnny Weissmuller starred in 13 *Jungle Jim* films, including *Jungle Jim* (1948), *The Lost Tribe* (1949), *Mark of the Gorilla* (1950), *Pygmy Island* (1950), *Fury of the Congo* (1951), *Jungle Manhunt* (1951),

The Captive Girl (1952) with Buster Crabbe, *Voodoo Tiger* (1952), *Jungle Jim in The Forbidden Land* (1952), *Valley of The Headhunters* (1953), *Savage Mutiny* (1953), *Killer Ape* (1953) and *Jungle Man-Eaters* (1954). In three additional films, *Cannibal Attack* (1954), *The Devil Goddess* (1954) and *Jungle Moon Men* (1955), Weissmuller didn't play Jungle Jim but went under his own name in the stories, playing himself. Katzman, unlike Sol Lesser, had decided Weissmuller's name was just as well known, or even more so, than Jungle Jim's, so the producer eliminated Jungle Jim from the scripts. In that same year of 1955 though, Weissmuller returned as Jungle Jim for the first of two seasons on television, in a new half hour format. Weissmuller's jungle companion in all these films was Tamba, the chimp.

While making the *Jungle Jim* movies, Weissmuller said he would hear from theatre managers that his *Jungle Jim* films were making more money than Sol Lesser's new Tarzan films. A lot of times, he said, a theatre would even book a reissue of one of his older Tarzan films rather than play a new Tarzan film. Weissmuller said his fan mail gave him the answer as to why the *Jungle Jim*'s were doing better than the new Tarzan's though. People who had liked him as Tarzan simply kept on going to see him as Jungle Jim. Jungle Jim was merely Tarzan with clothes

on. Besides, no one could replace him as Tarzan. He was Tarzan.

Today, Weissmuller owns the Johnny Weissmuller American Health Food shop on Hollywood Blvd. where at least one window is colorfully decorated with full color posters and 8x10 movie stills from his many Tarzan and *Jungle Jim* films. Weissmuller himself, married again, lives in Las Vegas where he is the entertainment director at Caesar's Palace. Not long ago, Weissmuller and Gordon Scott, who played Tarzan in six films after Lex Barker quit the role, both appeared at a Las Vegas banquet. When they walked on stage together, they received a thunderous standing ovation. But Scott, who was also a very popular Tarzan, stepped up to the microphone and modestly said, "I know who all the applause was for!" More recently, in August 1974, Weissmuller hosted a "Tarzan Movie Night" at the Las Vegas Public Library, where they ran some of his films. The auditorium was packed.

There have been many Tarzans both before and after Johnny Weissmuller's 16 year stint as the ape man, but it's Weissmuller who is still most often identified with the role. Even today, in new Tarzan films, Weissmuller's world famous ape call rings loud and clear throughout the steaming, danger-wrought world of jungle movie adventures—where he is, undisputedly, still the king.



Humor was that Weissmuller put on too much weight to play Tarzan after 1948, but actually he quit the role over contract troubles with Lesser.

LYDIA PINKHAM'S

(Continued from page 37)

daily to homes as far as Boston and Brooklyn.

Another unique bit of advertising the Pinkhams did was to disclose the ingredients of the tonic and even tell how it was made. Most patent medicines of that time were supposed to contain secret ingredients but Lydia thought women would have more confidence in her Compound if they knew what they were taking. Each batch of Lydia E. Pinkham Vegetable Compound contained:

6 ounces of Life Root
8 ounces of False Unicorn Root
8 ounces of True Unicorn Root
6 ounces of Black Cohosh
6 ounces of Fleury Root
12 ounces of Fenugreek Seed

They were cooked, strained, mashed, and bottled in a base of 18 percent alcohol as a preservative.

By 1876 the business had prospered to the point that Lydia began receiving large amounts of mail from customers with female problems or those acclaiming their cure by taking her remedy. She conscientiously answered every letter personally.

It was about this time that her son Dan had a marvelous idea. Why not use his mother's picture on the label and in every ad? Her sober motherly face might prove to endear her even more to the hearts of women everywhere. Dan was certainly right, as it was said at one time Lydia's face was the best known female face in the country.

The new label featured not only her picture but her signature, "Yours for Health, Lydia E. Pinkham." With this new element, the family embarked on an even greater advertising campaign, which really paid off. The business grew to such proportions they had to purchase the house next door and convert it into a laboratory.

The extra room was not only needed to make and distribute the remedy but also to handle the mountains of mail received daily. Lydia, relying on her nursing experience, gave common sense advice not only on female problems but also on kidney ailments, allergies and just about any common disease. Her replies were

considered "Wise, kindly, and shrewd." When the burden of answering the mail became too much for Lydia to handle, her daughter helped her out and eventually, an entire staff was needed. Each letter was still personally signed by Lydia though.

The family enjoyed the prosperity to which they had so long looked forward. Lydia Pinkham became so well known that humorists made jokes about her and one even nominated her for President. College boys were heard singing these words to a favorite hymn of the time, "I Will Sing of My Redeemer" . . .

"Tell me, Lydia, of your secrets
And the wonders you perform,
How you take the sick and ailing,
And restore them to the norm?"

Mrs. Jones of Walla Walla,
Mrs. Smith of Kankakee,
Mrs. Cohen, Mrs. Murphy,
Sing your praises lustily.

Lizzie Smith had tired feelings,
Terrible pains reduced her weight,
She began to take the Compound,
Now she weighs three hundred eight.

There's a baby in every bottle,
So the old quotation ran,
But the Federal Trade Commission,
Still insists you'll need a man.

Oh, Yes, we'll sing of Lydia
Pinkham,
And her love for the human race,
How she sells her Vegetable
Compound,
And the papers, the papers they
publish,
They publish her FACE!!

But tragedy again struck the Pinkhams. Lydia's beloved sons, Dan and Will, both died of consumption in 1881. Then Lydia herself suffered a stroke and after many months of being bedridden, she passed away May 17th 1883.

Her son Charles and daughter Aroline, along with Aroline's husband, Will Gove, carried on the business so smoothly that the customers still bought the Vegetable Compound and still wrote to

Lydia for advice.

Even though stories periodically hinted about Lydia's demise, customers refused to believe their dear counselor was gone. It was not until 1902, when *Ladies Home Journal* published a photo of her tombstone that the general public realized that Lydia E. Pinkham had been dead for over 19 years!

Faith in the Vegetable Compound never wavered, however, and sales actually doubled at a period when a national scandal attacked the patent medicine business.

Before the Federal Food and Drug Act in 1906, every newspaper and magazine promoted hundreds of "home remedies" that boasted highly exaggerated claims, cures, and testimonials.

While many famous medicines proved to be not much more than alcohol and colored water, Lydia E. Pinkham Vegetable Compound actually contained six old Indian herbs; two of which (Alettris or True Unicorn Root and Asclepis or Fleury Root) did in fact contain mild estrogen hormones. Unbeknownst to poor dead Lydia, she really was years ahead of her time in the treatment of women's menstrual disorders and menopause.

The claims of the label were toned down a bit and the alcohol was reduced from 18% eventually to 13½%, but the customers still marched to their local drug counters for their Vegetable Compound.

After celebrating the 100th Anniversary of the Pinkham business in 1973, Lydia's remaining great-grandsons recently announced that they were selling their share.

Herman E. Smith, one of the heirs, who for years tasted every batch of the Compound said, "It has a bitter, nut-like flavor with a faint after-taste of licorice."

Even though, after 100 years, there will no longer be Pinkhams in the Vegetable Compound business, Lydia's face remains on the box containing every bottle, and she still promises to "revive drooping spirits, give elasticity and firmness to the step, restore lustre to the eye and plant on the pale cheek of every woman the fresh roses of life's spring and summer time."



THE SPORTING LIFE OF CARTOONS

(Continued from page 26)

and various outdoor sports. A common strip type, Coulton Waugh described him as reflecting "a specific yearning in the souls of millions of men who resemble him closely... the nervous, exasperated little business husband. Physically stunted, with tiny chest and shoulders and sagging stomach, he has the usual out-reaching comic nose, scratchy mustache and pop eyes. His hair is falling out, and even when asleep, there is an exasperated set to the lines about his mouth and forehead which reflects the exhaustion brought on by the complex problem of earning money."

In the early 30s, after the strip had changed its name to *Joe Jinks*, he became a fight manager. In the comics, as occasionally happens even in real life, there can be more than one heavyweight champion of the world. Joe's fighter Dynamite Dunn held the heavyweight crown during most of the years when Joe Palooka was also heavyweight champ. Dynamite was a square-jawed fellow, in the Captain Easy mold, and a lot brighter than the other champ. Forsythe drew the strip until the 30s, then went over to Hearst to try similar things. He came back to Joe for awhile before quitting for good.

Joe Jinks surely must hold the record for strips drawn by the most different artists. Pete Llanuza, sports cartoonist for the *World-Telegram*, did it until 1936. The

Sunday page was then taken over by Moe Leff, with a little help from his brother Sam. After the Leffs left, Henry Formhals, who'd been ghosting the *Ello Cinders* Sundays and was now ghosting the *Freckles* dailies, assumed the *Joe Jinks* Sunday. The daily, meantime, enjoyed a different batch of cartoonists. Harry Homan, political cartoonist and creator of a Sunday page called *Billy Make Believe*, handled the daily until his death in 1939. Then the *Joe Jinks* pen was passed from George Storm to Al Kostuk to Morris Weiss to Al Leiderman and finally to Sam Leff. Leff, working in a style which was a simplified version of his brother's, introduced Joe to a new prize fighter. This was Curly Kayoe. Joe became Curly's manager, Curly became heavyweight

champ and the strip changed its name to his.

By the end of World War II, enthusiasm for funny paper jocks had considerably waned, and very few new sports strips have been born since. Ray Cotto's *Ozark Ike* arrived in 1945, a meticulously rendered feature about a rube ballplayer. Cotto is said to have been so painstaking that he rarely made a deadline and the strip was turned over to other artists. The last to do it was a man calling himself Ed Strops (which is sports spelled backwards). In 1950, illustrator John Cullen Murphy got together with Al Capp's brother Elliott, the one who used to live on milk and carrots, to create *Big Ben Bolt*, and Ben also became heavyweight champ as funny paper fighters always seem to do.



BASEBALL QUIZ

(Continued from page 33)

ANSWERS

1. Dale Long, who achieved his still unbroken consecutive home run record in 1956 with the Pittsburgh Pirates.
2. Ken Hubbs of the Chicago Cubs. In February 1964 he was killed flying his own plane near Provo, Utah.
3. Lou Boudreau of the 1948 Cleveland Indians.
4. Eddie Yost, who played for the Washington Senators throughout most of his career (1944-62).
5. Pete Cray, St. Louis Browns, 1945.
6. The very same Ted Williams.
7. The "Say Hey Kid," Willie Mays, in his first season with the New York Giants.
8. Hack Wilson of the Chicago Cubs.
9. Bill Dickey, New York Yankee catcher.
10. "Spahn and Sain, and two days of rain." The pitchers, of course, were Warren Spahn and Johnny Sain who, with the aid of just enough New England precipitation, pitched the 1948 Boston Braves to a pennant.
11. Rip Sewell, who won 143 games for the Pittsburgh Pirates (1938-49). For more than five years no one could generate the power to hit his famous "blooper" out of the ball park—until Ted Williams finally did it in the 1948 All-Star game.
12. None other than Satchel Paige, who was at least 48—and already a legend—when he signed with the Cleveland Indians in late 1948 and helped them clinch a pennant with five vital wins in the last six weeks of a torrid season. Earlier, while pitching in the Negro leagues, he barnstormed against the best the major leagues could throw against him and consistently out-pitched the best hurlers of his day.



MOVIE STAR NEWS

COME IN PERSON - MON.-FRI. 11-6 - SAT. 1-5 (Mail Order)



Pin-Ups · Portraits · Press Books
Physique Poses · 50 years of
Scenes from Motion Pictures.
Westerns · Horror · Musicals etc.

RUSH 50¢ for our brochure!

Dept. N, 212 East 14th Street
New York, New York 10003





FLEETWOOD RECORDS
PROUDLY PRESENTS

"The Legends"

Featuring exciting play-by-play
action highlights and interviews
of 2 of baseball's immortals



The World Champions

Inside the exciting '72-73 Championship Season



New Microsonic Album FREE!

WHEN YOU BUY ONE OR MORE
FLEETWOOD RECORDS AT
\$4.98 EACH OR 3 FOR \$12.90



- ☐ Hank Aaron—The Life of a Legend
- ☐ Celtics—Haimsohn's Heroes
- ☐ God Bless the Flyers
- ☐ Finley's Heroes—Oakland A's 1972 Champ. Season
- ☐ Ya Gotta Believe—N.Y. Mets 1973 Champ. Season
- ☐ 50 Yrs. Yankee Stadium—50 Yrs. of Action Highlights
- ☐ Seven Super Sundays—Play-by-Play Highlights of Seven Super Bowls
- ☐ Baseball—The First 100 Years—Highlights of 100 Years of Baseball
- ☐ 50 Years—NFL Memories—Highlights of Last 50 Years of NFL
- ☐ NBA—25 Action Years—Highlights of last 25 Years of NBA
- ☐ 50 Yrs. of N.H.L.—Highlights of Last 50 Yrs. of N.H.L.
- ☐ 100 Years of NCAA Football—100 Years of College Football Highlights
- ☐ Sports Highlights of 60's
- ☐ ABC Wide World of Sports—10 Years of Highlights from Show
- ☐ The New Red Machine—Cincinnati Reds 1972 Championship Season
- ☐ Dallas Cowboys—Superstars—Cowboys 1971-72 Championship Season
- ☐ Boston Bruins "Avengers"—Bruins 1971-72 Championship Season

- ☐ Babe Ruth—The Greatest Story Never Told
- ☐ Pittsburgh Pirates—Highlights of 1971 Champ. Season
- ☐ Milwaukee Bucks—Highlights of 1970-71 Champ. Season
- ☐ Pacer Power—Indiana Pacers 1971-72 Champ. Season
- ☐ Hail to the Chiefs—Kansas City Chiefs 1969-70 Championship Season
- ☐ Colts Crusade—Baltimore Colts 1970-71 Championship Season
- ☐ Year of the Birds—Balt. Orioles 1970 Champ. Season
- ☐ San Francisco 49'ers—1970 Division Champ. Season
- ☐ Super Jets—New York Jets 1969 Champ. Season
- ☐ Miracle Mets—New York Mets 1969 Champ. Season
- ☐ Goal Bruins—Boston Bruins 1969-70 Champ. Season
- ☐ Year of the Tiger—Detroit Tigers 1968 Champ. Season
- ☐ Pecker Glory Years—Green Bay's 1965-66-67 Championship Seasons
- ☐ Impossible Dream—Boston Red Sox 1967 Championship Season
- ☐ Havlicek Steals the Ball—Boston Celtics Ten Championship Seasons
- ☐ Rise of the Rangers—New York Rangers 1969-70 Season
- ☐ New York Knicks—Championship Season
- ☐ St. Louis Blues
- ☐ 1971 Sports Highlights
- ☐ 1972 Sports Highlights (7" Microsonic® Record)

Enraptured is \$5.98 for albums checked at \$4.98 each. 3 for \$12.90. ☐ Albums ☐ Cartridge ☐ Cassette

LH-1

Tapes are \$6.95 each. 3 for \$15. Add 50c per order for handling and postage.

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Bank Americard ☐ MasterCard No. _____ Signature _____

Mail to: **Fleetwood Sports Records, Box 500, Revere, Mass. 02151**